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JOHN BULL

Vol. IX. No. 239 | SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1910. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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SEND TO-DAY.

JOHN BULL.

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Vol. IX. No. 239. Saturday, December 31st, 1910 One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

A Happy New Year.

Another New Year—another time of hope and sadness. Hope for the days to come, sadness for those that have gone—gone and taken with them much that was dear and cherished. Even the most "worldly" of us has some strain of sentiment, and we confess that this is the period when, instinctively, the joys and sorrows, the comedies and tragedies of life, crowd in upon our mind and heart. And would it sound a strange thing to say that of the two we prefer the sorrows—that, as the old clock strikes twelve to-night, we would rather sit alone, in our little private den, with an empty chair beside us for some dear departed comrade, and a photo on our table—watching the passing of the dead year, in the hope that perchance in that incomprehensible space of time which unites the old year and the new, there *may* be also some mystic union of the Present with the Past? Who knows? *Who knows* ANYTHING?

Well, let us leave it there. Some day we shall all know everything—or nothing. To-day we must grope on. By degrees we are "mastering" many of the secrets—as other worlds have "mastered" them in the ages long ago; and when our knowledge is "complete," we, and *our* little world, like they, shall disappear into the great solar system of which we are one of the puniest atoms—and begin all over again! So let us make the most of our short time, and once a year, at least, remember that we are all of a family—made of the same clay, warmed by the same sun, marching on to the same destiny. And, in that memory, let us realise our duty not only to ourselves but also to our fellows—the least of which is to hold out a helping hand and speak a kindly word to those who, less strong or less fortunate, have fallen by the way.

One thing at least we may be thankful for—the Election is over. At last we may all sit down together, with Father Time as our host, and forget that we are Liberals, or Radicals or Socialists; Unionists, Tariff Reformers or Free Traders; Redmondites, O'Brienites or Labourites—or, even, Independents! Perhaps Mr. Asquith was right, after all, to get the elections over. It would have been a horrible beginning for the New Year to be compelled to start by calling each other liars and traitors, as we were all doing a few weeks ago. But what a splendid New Year's resolution it would be if we were all to resolve to drop Party humbug for twelve months! Well, here goes for one. "Country and King" shall be our motto for 1911. Will you join us?

Not only news, but even simple arithmetic gets coloured and falsified by the Party press. According to the *Morning Leader*, the result of the election is to leave the Ministry "yet stronger than before"; the *Daily News* says they have "a clear majority of 18"; the *Mail* tells us that "the Unionists and Radicals are equal"; the *Express*, "Unionist majority of one"; and so on, and so on. The simple figures of the election are that nearly three million votes were cast against the Government and a little over three million were cast in its favour. *And there are over* TWELVE MILLION *adult men in the United Kingdom.* That is what we call taking the "will of the people"! The cant of it all!

Have you ever noticed how Christmas time is usually marked by a big mining or railway disaster? Verily, peace hath her perils as well as war. Honour and glory to the brave fellows who daily risk their lives in the great battle of life. Well may we think of them, and theirs, to-day. Go away, Bishop of Manchester, with your empty prayers and hymns! The God of Love had nothing to do with this latest tragedy. Leave it all to us—the brothers and the sisters, the wives and the children of the dead heroes. Get away—get away!

Archdeacon Maitland Wood, Vicar of Runcorn, has had a hand in the election. He sent out a letter to the voters, telling them that "if the Veto Bill is passed, such matters as the provision made for religious ministration in every parish through an established Church, the religious teaching of our children in the schools, and the binding character of the marriage tie, might be swept away and lost in the struggle of political parties for office." If a Nonconformist minister in Runcorn had sent round a letter alleging, among other things, that if the Lords' veto were not abolished the Church of England would try all it knew to grab the souls of little Nonconformists, and make big Nonconformists pay for the grabbing, the Archdeacon would have been very angry. Everybody knows that the Church is invariably on one side of politics, and the Lord, according to pulpiteering Dissenters, on the other. This being the present state of parties, it is a wise archdeacon who knows when to hold his tongue.

Further information from over the border with reference to the Scottish missive system shows that the removal day is May 28th, when the tenant must leave his flat or house before 12 o'clock, the same time as a new tenant is entitled to possession. It is not unusual to see a family's furniture dumped down on the pavement, waiting until the other people have got out of the new home, for it is necessary one should move in before the previous tenant's breath has time to get out of the doors and windows. There is also twelve months' dirt to face, and the tenant must either paper and whitewash the place himself or take things as he finds them—the things he finds being "all according." As there are thousands of removals in Scotland on this one day, the inconvenience can be easily understood, especially with rain to help. The people of Glasgow and Aberdeen are clamouring for reform. By all means let them proceed.

Orkney is not the only place where the parsons do a bit of trade for the support of the spiritual life, in competition with those who are hard put to it to get food for their stomachs. In Shetland, several of the churches increase their incomes by buying and begging Shetland hand-knitted shawls and other knitted fancy goods and selling them in the chief Scottish towns. As an instance, there is a small fishing hamlet of about 900 population catered for by five churches. One of them sent away hosiery to the value of £40, collected in three months from poor people, many of them unable even to meet their grocery bill. On the other hand, it may be that if Shetland did not give shawls it would have to do without parsons. How in that case it would stand on profit and loss account is a question for itself to determine.

The notorious Miss Stone has been at it again. It will be remembered that she was "captured" by Macedonian brigands in 1901; that the missionary boxes of America were effectively rattled to secure her ransom, and that it was finally discovered that the whole incident was an exaggerated affair, got up by the Bulgarian Committees with whom Miss Stone was notoriously in sympathy. Other anecdotes and rumours there were, too, which produced roars of laughter throughout the Balkans. Now she is agitating America to compel the Government to repay the subscribers for her ransom. A Bill to that effect has twice passed the House of Representatives, but was lost in the Senate—which shows that a second Chamber may sometimes have its uses! We cannot imagine why anyone should want to repay the subscribers or how they would all be discovered. Probably most of them would beg the missionary societies to accept the money. Accordingly, this is a movement for the State endowment of Yankee missionaries, and we congratulate the Yankee Senate on its common

Our letter-box is weighted down with the circulars of the Augustinian Bazaar Lottery, and we certainly do not think it nice of the Rev. John Condon, O.S.A., to address them indiscriminately to "the junior clerk" of all sorts of firms. We have never quite understood why religious persons are permitted to organise lotteries which would mean fines, and perhaps imprisonment, if conducted by ordinary heathens like ourselves.

Either the Midland Railway Company is trying to increase its dividends by means of the Truck Act, or it has a queer lot of workers in its carriage and wagon department at Sheffield. The company has posted a notice, in accord with the Act, reserving the right "to impose the following fines in respect to the acts or omissions mentioned below and to deduct from the wages of their servants and to retain the sums that may be imposed as fines." Then follows a list of the offences—such as inattention to work, absence from work without leave, coming late on duty, leaving work before proper time, making tools without direction, breaking open tool-boxes, drawers, or cupboards, improper use of machinery or tools, losing or wasting or damaging materials, failing to return tools in good order, neglecting to put lights out, smoking in yards, sheds or workshops, bringing alcoholic liquors on the premises, insubordination, secreting cotton waste, and negligence or misconduct whereby loss or damage is or may be caused to life or property. The fine in each of these cases is fixed at half-a-crown, to be doubled on a repetition of the offence. Our information is that there is none of this fining business in other departments. With many firms, it is a mere trick to obtain by unfair means a reduction of the wages bill, offences being trumped up for the purpose. The question, of course, is whether there is any substantial justification for these fines in the Sheffield wagon works. If so, all we have to say is that the men must be a very careless, negligent, and refractory lot; whilst if not—well, there you are!

A contemporary has been publishing a picture of a row of shops at Honor Oak Park, most of which have never been let during 25 years. So far so bad. But the delightful and instructive feature of the photograph is a splendid row of lamp-posts, so close together that Dr. Johnson could have touched one at every stride. We can understand these having been put up in anticipation of the success of the shops, but what are we to say about the business intelligence of the local authorities who have them all laboriously and expensively illuminated night after night, apparently for the sole purpose of displaying the dismal row of shops on the other side of the road? We do not, of course, go so far as to advocate the economy of the Hebrew city of Groszwardein, which does not light up at all when there is a full moon, clouds or no clouds. But so great a profusion of light in an empty road strikes us as excessive.

We have read with amazement that 1,600 pages of Meredith's manuscripts fetched £1,866 at a sale. We should like to know the value of Miss Marie Corelli's manuscripts, which, we understand, are tied up with blue ribbon and exhibited under glass cases at Stratford-on-Avon.

We do not understand the *Daily Mail's* protest against what it calls "the nomenclature nuisance" at French races. What on earth does it matter if a horse has the figure II. or III. after its name when you do not need to mention the name at all at the Pari-Mutuel offices? All you have to do is to go to a window and ask for so many tickets for number three or number seven, as the case may be. At the same time, we admit that we should like to see a little more originality among owners in choosing the names of their horses.

We see that someone has been suggesting "silent protests" instead of turbulence at public meetings. The silent protesters are to get up and walk out of the hall whenever they want to demonstrate against an unpopular person or an unpopular opinion. This sounds very nice, but would it not be still more simple to stay away? That, however, would abolish a large part of the fun of the Party game. Jim Crow proposes an amendment, and having suddenly become autobiographical at election time, tells how he nonplussed an orator by catching his eye and indulging in loud, prolonged and demonstrative yawns. Whether he was incontinently turned out is not stated.

A French newspaper gives an amusing version of the split in the Orleanist Party. "Canaille! Crapule! Spy! Dirty Jew!" What on earth is happening? Nothing at all. It is only a number of Royalist gentlemen who cannot quite agree as to the methods for restoring in France old traditions of courtesy and chivalrous loyalty. One Royalist clan says, "Our Prince orders us to be polite towards our adversaries. By all means. We will no longer dream of insulting this collection of low and repugnant rascals." This sounds almost as lively as some of the pronouncements of honourable and right honourable gentlemen over here.

It is stated also in the French Press that 180 women have been prosecuted for the seduction of young men. "Well," says a commentator, "surely it is about time. We have had quite enough of the foolish old idea about women being the victims of men's evil passions. What a happy thought is to be found in the contrary point of view, in a determination to protect at all hazards the modesty of our young men!" If this idea had not been deferred so long, we might have read of Potiphar's wife being compelled to apologise to Joseph and give him back his cloak.

A Horden reader is greatly perturbed at the fact of a sergeant of police in the N.E.R. force getting up early enough to board the 5.35 a.m. Sunderland—West Hartlepool train and catch people expectorating on the floors of railway carriages, contrary to the bye-laws in that behalf made and provided. It appears that, as a consequence of the sergeant's action, a man was fined 5s. and costs by the West Hartlepool magistrates. Far from blaming the sergeant or the magistrates, we are inclined to felicitate them. A disgusting and dangerous habit of this kind cannot be stamped out without making an example of somebody. Whether it is made at 5.30 in the morning or 12 o'clock at noon, matters nothing.

We are second to none in our appreciation of the anachronism of a hereditary House of Parliament. But all the same, we think Mr. Lloyd George was pulling the long bow when, in a recent speech, he drew the picture of "600 Lords opposing the will of 45,000,000 people." Apart from the fact that we have no means of ascertaining the will of the women and the children, half the men have no votes—whilst as regards the other half they are almost equally divided for and against the Lords. Cold facts like these are very unromantic—and they spoil perorations. But there they are.

The new Portuguese Republic is not likely to last long. Corrupt and abominable as was the late monarchist régime, it appears that its successor is even worse. Offices and posts of profit are being sold openly, military and naval promotion are matters of coin of the realm, and the new despots are feverishly anxious to get rich. But what on earth is to succeed them, Heaven only knows.

These deposed monarchs do seem to get a bit of fun out of life somehow. The merry moments of Dom Manoel are hymned with terrible monotony on the boards of every French music-hall. And now we have the ex-Shah falling in love with an Irish dancer whom he met in Russia. It appears that he was quite ready to instal her as a permanent member of his harem, but that, when she found out she would only be the "fourth" in rank, she declared with indignation that this was not at all her idea of Home Rule.

Mr. Robert Wallace, Chairman of the London Sessions, has made a vigorous protest against prisoners committing perjury. Despite the strongest direct evidence against a hawker named Constable, that he stole a piece of pork from outside a Woolwich shop, he not only went into the box and swore he was as innocent as a babe unborn, but also brought two other witnesses to support his story. There is a side to the protest of Mr. Wallace worthy of the attention of the Public Prosecutor, no doubt, but if that official is to be whipped into a crusade against perjury, we hope he will not commence with a prisoner who lies in the witness-box to save his skin. Our recommendation to him is that he should start in the Divorce Court. Even so, the interests of the legal profession may give him pause. If every witness in the courts told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, half the judges and all the brilliant cross-examiners would soon be out of a job and striking for the right to work.

According to the Mr. G. F. Barnes who spoke at the Angel Corner during the election at Tonbridge, "Every Christian man in this country ought to go down on his knees every moment of the day and thank God for giving us Free Trade." But in that case, when is the grateful Christian citizen going to work? Every minute of the night? And what should Christian men of other countries do?

We have had many things said about us, and now we have the *Illustration*, which, commenting on our re-election for South Hackney, refers to us as "the candidate with the Shakespearean name." Was our French *confrère* thinking of Horatio or Bottom?

As we have borrowed Labour bureaux, if not Old Age Pensions, from the Germans, it might be worth considering whether we should not like to steal a few paragraphs from their proposed legislation about quacks. The idea is that the ordinary medical man should not be recognised in any special way; that there should be no established church of medicine, as there almost is over here, giving the regular doctor an advantage over medical nonconformists. But at the same time, unqualified practitioners will have to obtain a licence to practise, and we gather that they will only be called upon to prove their *bona-fides*, a certain amount of education, and perhaps a certain amount of apparent honesty. They will have to keep books which can be inspected and, on occasion, afford particulars to the authorities about their methods of treatment. This seems quite reasonable, as does the restriction about treating patients by correspondence and dealing informally with infectious diseases.

"With regard to the Government proposals for invalidity insurance, I should like to know why they should not be extended to clerks," writes one of our readers. So should we. Heaven knows that the lot of the clerk is hard enough as it is—and to make him contribute to the insurance of invalid workmen—whilst being, himself, left out in the cold—is just about the last straw upon his unfortunate back.

We regret that the High Court should have decided that a bye-law prohibiting Sunday cinematograph shows is now *ultra vires*. The effect of this will be that large numbers of people will be deprived of harmless and instructive entertainment, being driven either to roam the parks or haunt public-houses. If this decision is good law, the sooner the law is altered the better. Too much twaddle has been talked about the evil effects of the continental Sunday. It should be remembered that Sunday amusements are not only enjoyed by the frivolous French, but by the sober, God-fearing Germans —indeed, by every civilised nation in Europe except our own.

We are glad to hear that there is a proposal for reserving first-class carriages for non-season-ticket-holders on certain lines. At present, if you want to go to London from Brighton or other suburbs at certain hours of the morning, you have the utmost difficulty in securing seats. At the best, you are always crowded. Indeed, if you are wise, you will decide to patronise the modest third in the interests of ordinary comfort. No doubt season-ticket-holders are profitable customers, but a little consideration might occasionally be shown to others.

"Mine host" of the Green Man at Barnet tells us of an amusing incident. One Sunday evening recently, a Salvation lass called and said, "It is too wet for us to hold our meeting opposite. You cannot possibly expect any customers on a night like this. Will you let us have your bar-parlour to sing a few hymns?" We do not see why he should expect one of our biscuits for refusing, but surely the lass deserved a glass, especially as the night was admittedly wet.

Another election echo: A Cleethorpes fisherman tells us that just before 8 o'clock on the morning of polling day his crew were ordered out to sea, and when they got there the skipper chartered a tug and went back to record his vote, leaving our correspondent and seven other hands on the briny. "Cannot we leave our votes at the Board of Trade when we go to sea?" asks our ingenious correspondent. He must wait for that Business Government, when all these things will be put right.

No doubt the Board of Trade has a reason for excluding homeless labourers from the benefits of the Labour exchanges, but it would be much more satisfactory to the general public if that institution would explain what it is. A man in this position has been telling a London magistrate that when he applied to have his name registered, the officials would not help him because he had no home. If that is true, it certainly ought not to be. Character is the one true test of a workman, and many an honest workman is homeless to-day. The exclusion is unfair and cruel, because it operates the hardest against the most unfortunate.

Entertaining excerpts from the hurly-burly of the General Election continue to reach us. On behalf of the Unionist candidate, Alderman Charles Wilson, of Leeds, harrowed his audiences with alarming pictures. "I'll tell you what the Germans are doing," he said. "They are preparing to wake you up. Not only are they building battleships, but they are building flat-bottomed pontoons to carry men and carry stores. Where to?" The question was not answered in consequence of a row between rival electioneering lassies; but the real answer, of course, is that the Germans are building flat-bottomed pontoons to cross the North Sea when the British Navy isn't looking, sail down the Aire, and invade Leeds.

People have been looking up some of Mr. Asquith's old speeches. One he made to his constituents in September, 1901, has particularly attracted attention. "For some time," he said, "I have held the opinion, which I have expressed before now, that the Liberal Party ought not to assume the responsibilities of Government unless it can rely on an independent Liberal majority in the House of Commons." That was a long time ago, no doubt, and, like the lady who first said she would and then she wouldn't, then she smiled and said she couldn't, but he did, Mr. Asquith probably holds that circumstances alter cases. Further, he may take refuge in the Emersonian doctrine that a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. Think how ridiculously busy all our great statesmen would be if they were always straining an ear over their shoulders to catch what they said even twelve months previously.

All whom it may concern, also all those whom it may not, should know that according to what His Honour said in Court the other day, Judge Bacon has made another addition to his long list of never-heards. "Buck up!" he exclaimed to a witness. "What a vulgar phrase. I have never heard it in respectable society." If it is a fair question, where does His Honour while away his happier hours?

Charged at Belfast with stealing linen, a man named George Cowley, "clerk and traveller," told the policeman who arrested him that he was 67, that he had been with his employers, Messrs. Joseph Walker and Co., of Belfast, for five years, that his salary was 7s. a week, and that he was "driven to steal to make ends meet." The statement is *ex parte*, and seems difficult to credit. Perhaps there is some explanation. It is never quite safe to accept implicitly the extenuating stories told by gentlemen in the dock.

The Bicester Guardians (and, apparently, one or two other Boards) insist on the letter of the law in regard to all articles being taken from anybody who enters the workhouse. The other day, a casual was charged with refusing to perform his task. He admitted the charge, but pleaded that his sole object was to protest against what, to us, as to him, seems a senseless misuse of the regulation. In tramping along the road, the man spent his last twopence in purchasing what was even then a stale loaf. A part of it he consumed on his way; the other part he kept for future use. This piece was in his pocket when he entered the workhouse, but it was taken from him, and he was told that he "could have it when he went out." What conceivable harm a casual can do himself or anybody else with a few ounces of bread, paid for by himself, we cannot for the life of us understand. On the other hand, to take the bread from him at a time when it is just fit for a hungry man to eat and to return it to him when it is as hard as granite, is a palpable absurdity, and a palpable waste. In this instance, the man was sentenced to seven days in gaol without hard labour "for refusing to perform his task." As things go, it is a matter for wonder he was not hanged.

One looks to the representatives of hard-headed northmen on public bodies to exhibit rather more common sense than that displayed by the Sunderland Board of Guardians, who the other day spent half-an-hour in discussing the question whether or whether not they should advertise for an office-boy, what his salary should be, and how many testimonials he should be entitled to send with his application. However, the critics had better keep silence. They will probably be told that the guardians were conscientiously engaged in watching the interests of oppressed ratepayers.

The Houndsditch tragedy revives the question whether the police should carry arms. On the whole, we are in favour of their not doing so. But it does not follow that they should go unarmed into dangerous districts to make arrests. Oh, for a Business Police Force!

It will be recalled that a Hull correspondent recently informed us that, to his knowledge, the local Guardians had threatened to stop the parish relief of a widow if she went to spend a fortnight's holiday with one of her sons, and that we invited the Guardians to confirm this statement. Mr. Robert H. Winter, their clerk, has lost no time in making his courteous reply. "Careful inquiries have been made," he says, "and no such case is known either to the Guardians or their officers." Our correspondent will now give us the name and address of the lady in the case, or for ever hold his peace.

At the last meeting of the Rickmansworth Urban District Council, the clerk read a letter from the Watford Urban Council accepting the former's challenge to a golf match. We assume the expenses of the caddies are not to be thrown on the rates?

Figures are funny things. Look at these, as the result of the Election: Liberals 272, Unionists 272, Labourites 42, Irish Home Rulers 84. Government majority, with Labour and without Irish, 42; Government *minority*, if Irish hostile, 42.

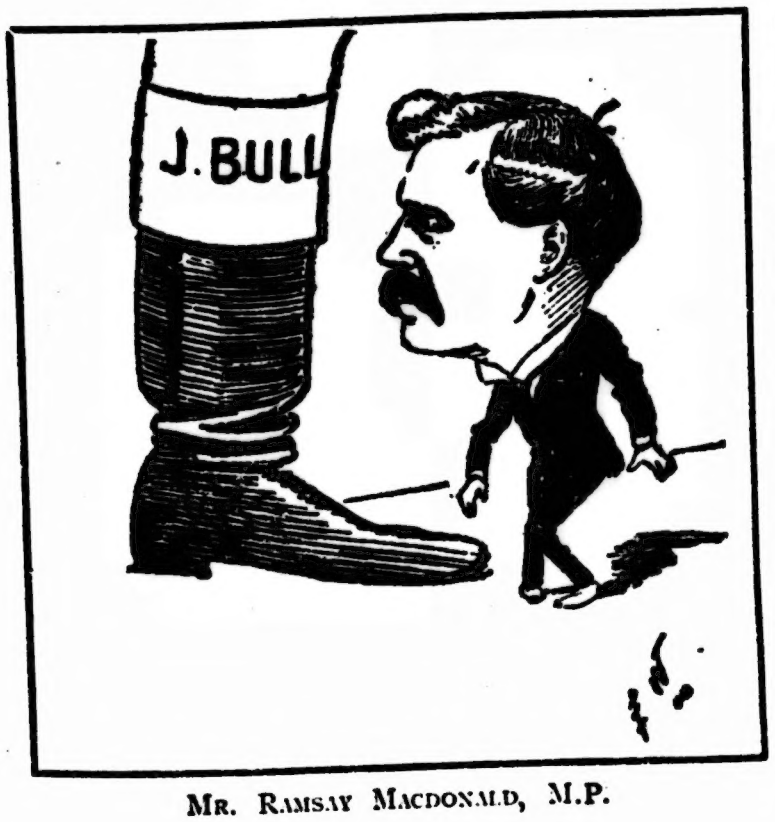
The re-election of Sir George Doughty brings back to the House the best platform speaker of the Tariff Reformers; but, on the other hand, the defeat of Mr. H. S. Foster releases for platform purposes one who runs him very close, and we understand that his services are already very largely in request.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

AMERICAN GUIDE (*pointing to statue of George Washington*): "That is the man through whose lips a lie never passed."

BRITISH TOURIST: "No, I suppose he spoke through his nose, like the rest of you Yankees."

PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD THEIR CORNS TRODDEN ON.



MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICES.

AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "2 to 22," or to veterans of 8 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.

PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."

BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose vieux, trimmed with glace, with hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.

MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.

LODGERS.—No biscuits for widows who want young men to share room. Most of them do

---

For advertising "The Best FLOOR *in Paris. Comfortable* SEATING *for thousands,"*

THE PARIS HIPPODROME SKATING RINK COMPANY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "a remarkable number of voters had died since January. In Eastcotts, comprising the hamlets of Cotton End, Harrowden and Fenlake, eight deaths had occurred. The last DIED *on Tuesday morning, and* VOTED *in the afternoon,"*

THE BEDFORDSHIRE TIMES AND INDEPENDENT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that " LAST NIGHT *the boat from Calais could not leave until* THIS MORNING,"

THE EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that" Mr. Haldane was born in 1455 and was educated in Edinburgh University. . . . He is an authority on explosives, BUT *he has never been married,"*

THE ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following sentence in an article on "Charming Programme Girls": "*Fancy buying your programme and getting a* SMILE *from any one of these pairs of eyes and* DAINTY HANDS,"

"CITIZEN" OF *THE DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "He had NO IDENTIFICATION MARKS. *He was tattooed,"*

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, that when Mr. Bigland was declared duly elected M.P. for Birkenhead, "his progress was slow owing to the eagerness of his supporters to shake him by the hand. The member was most accommodating in this respect, AND HIS HAND WAS LITERALLY WRUNG OFF,"

THE BIRKENHEAD AND CHESHIRE ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating "Lord Ninian himself then led the cheering for Sir Clarendon Hyde, who said: 'We have been beaten, BUT WE HAVE NOT BEEN DISGRACED. I HOPE ON A LATER OCCASION TO REVERSE THIS VERDICT,'"

SIR CLARENDON HYDE (according to
THE SOUTH WALES DAILY POST)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Mr. Robert McVitie was fortunate in starting a great biscuit factory of which he died SOLE PARTNER,"

LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the bridle road leading from Darfield to Little Houghton was flooded to a depth of over TWO MILES *round by Middlecliffe,"*

THE BARNSLEY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

DR. COOK TELLS THE TRUTH.

THE TRUE STORY OF HIS NORTH POLE EXPEDITION

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

(*Exclusive to* JOHN BULL.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Since the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, in November, 1909 unt l the publication of this series, no word has t een received from this man—who stood so conspicuously for a brief while bef re the world, the recipient of unprecedented honours. Why did Dr. Cook disappear? Was this a tacit admission that he had presented a fraudulent claim to the discovery of the North Pole? Or did he ever possibly believe in himself? Where, during his absence, has he been, and what has he been doing?

During the past year Dr. Cook has been reported in many places Various interviews have been attributed to him. One has announced his going secretly North, another told a tale of his attending the Peary lecture in London. Dr. Cook brands these as fabrications. Here, for the first time he makes an authoritative statement to the world and answers all questions asked about him.

We present the statement on its own merits. It is a human document of extraordinary interest and importance.

I have been called the greatest liar in the world, the most monumental impostor in history. My claim to the discovery of the North Pole has been adjudged a wilful, premeditated, and brazen fraud, and I, a cheat who hoaxed an entire world for gain. I believe that, in a very undesirable way, I stand unique, the object of such suspicion and vituperation as have assailed few men.

Returning from a life savage in its drain on body and mind, I was tossed to the zenith of worldly honour on a wave of enthusiasm, a world-madness which startled me. In the ebb of that wave I was plunged into the depths of suspicion and discredit, a victim of my own folly and the sufferer from a storm of adverse circumstances.

Hailed, I am now told, as the greatest hero of my time (much to my surprise and little to my pleasure), I was decorated with honours, laudations rang in my ears. The most notable in the world extended congratulations to me. To-day, after a year of self-appointed exile, I return. The cheers of enthusiastic multitudes have long been silenced. The tongue of praise is stilled. The wreaths of roses are withered. The worst, I suppose, has been said about me.

My own actions, I admit, seemed to confirm even the worst suspicions; my silence turned suspicion to conviction.

Irrefutable as may seem some of the charges against me, no one should condemn me until he has heard my story—a story which has never been told, which in times of despair I doubted I should ever tell. No one should discredit me until he knows what I endured during the two and a half years of Arctic experience—until he hungers with me, freezes with me, shudders with me in the spectre-ridden Arctic night, and grows mad with me in the glaring, burning, long and crazing Arctic day. Not until then can he understand my mental condition at the time, and appreciate just how I feel now and what I believe to be true.

Did I get to the North Pole? Perhaps I made a mistake in thinking that I did, perhaps I did not make a mistake. After mature thought, I confess that I do not know absolutely whether I reached the Pole or not. This may come as an amazing statement; but I am willing to startle the world, if, by so doing, I can get an opportunity to present my case. By my case I mean not my case as a geographical discoverer, but my case as a man Much as the attainment of the North Pole once meant to me, the sympathy and confidence of my fellow-men mean more.

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DR. COOK.

I am told that many people who discredit my original story of my experience believe in my good faith. This moves me more than I can tell. If I did believe in myself, honestly and sincerely, if I felt convinced of my claim when I reached Copenhagen and later New York, is it just to call me the world's most intrepid fakir, a common, deliberate swindler?

Unconsciously I may have made statements which I myself now question. That is inexcusable. But most emphatically and positively I am not a *thief*; most certainly there was no plan to hoax the world to my own financial profit.

I want to take friend and foe into my confidence. I shall try to open the most secret chambers of my mind, and show my mental processes during the past several years; how my ambitions, my discouragements, my thoughts, my illusions, played their part in this drama of my mental life; and prove how inevitable, psychologically, as I see it now, was my triumph and my tragedy.

STRUGGLES OF MY BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

Two things which accompanied me from early boyhood seem now like predestined fate—an innate and abnormal desire for exploration, and the struggle to make ends meet, the constant sting of poverty.

As a very small boy, I was fascinated by the lure of a forbidden swimming pool. One day, when but little over five, I, impelled to test the depth, plunged to the centre, where the water was above my head, and nearly lost my life. I shall never forget that struggle, and though I nearly gave out, in that short time I learned to swim. It seems to me I have been swimming and struggling ever since.

Abject poverty and hard work marked my school days. When quite a boy, after the death of my father, I came to New York. I sold fruit at one of the markets. I saved my money. I enjoyed no luxuries. Later I engaged in the milk business in Brooklyn, and on the meagre profits undertook to study medicine.

At that time, the ambition which beset me was undirected; it was only later that I found, almost by accident, what became its focussing point. I graduated from the University of New York in 1890. I felt—and what young man does not?—that I possessed unusual qualifications and exceptional ability. An office was fitted up, and my anxiety over the disappearing pennies was eased by the conviction that I had but to hang out my shingle and the place would be thronged with patients. Six months passed. There had been about three patients.

I was sitting alone, one gloomy winter day. Opening a

paper, I read that Peary was preparing his 1891 expedition to the Arctic. I cannot explain my sensation. It was as if a door to a prison cell had opened. I felt the first commanding call of the Northland. To invade the Unknown, to assail the fastness of the white frozen North—all that was latent in me, the impetus of an ambition that had been stifled and starved, surged up.

I volunteered, and accompanied Peary, on this, the expedition of 1891–92, as surgeon. Whatever merit my work possessed has been cited by others.

Unless one has been in the Arctic I suppose it is impossible to understand its fascination—a fascination which makes men risk their lives and endure inconceivable hardships, for, as I view it now, no profitable personal purpose of any kind. The spell was upon me then. With a feeling of sadness I realise that the glamour is all gone now.

On this and all my subsequent expeditions I served without pay. With the little money secured by selling my share in the milk business to my brother, I had bought clothes and instruments.

On my return from the trip with Peary, I managed to make ends meet by meagre earnings from medicine. I was nearly always desperately hard up for money. I tried to organise several co-operative expeditions to the Arctic. These failed. I then tried to arouse interest in Antarctic exploration, but without success. Then came the opportunity to join the Belgian Antarctic Expedition, again without pay.

On my return I dreamed of a plan to attain the South Pole, and for a long time worked on a contrivance—an automobile arranged to travel over ice. Financial failure again confronted me. Disappointment only added to my ambition; it scourged me to a determination, a conviction, that—I want you to remember this, to bear in mind the mental conviction which buoyed me—I must and should succeed.

A summer in the Arctic followed, and I returned to invade the Alaskan wilds. After my Alaskan expeditions the routine of my Brooklyn office work meant the confinement of prison. I fretted and chafed at the thought. Let me have a chance, and I would succeed. Certainty always filled my mind. I convinced myself that in some way the attainment of one of the Poles, the effort on which I had spent sixteen years, would become possible.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE BRADLEY EXPEDITION.

I had no money. My work in exploration had netted me nothing and all my professional income was soon spent. Unless you have felt the goading, devilish grind of poverty hindering you, pursuing you, you cannot know the mental fury into which I was lashed.

I waited, and fortune favoured me. I met Mr. John R. Bradley, a wealthy man, with a fondness for hunting big game. We planned an Arctic expedition. Mr. Bradley's interest in the trip was that of a great sportsman. My interest was to return again to the frozen North. The least the journey would give me would be an opportunity to complete the study of the Eskimos which I had started sixteen years before.

Most certainly we talked of the Pole; but, positively and emphatically, it was not an important incentive to the journey. Back in my brain, barely above the subconscious realm, was the feeling that this, however, might offer opportunity in the preparation for a final future determination. I, therefore, without any conscious purpose, and with my last penny, paid out of my purse for extra supplies for a personal expedition should I leave the ship.

When I left New York my plans were not at all definite. Even had I known then that I should try for the Pole, I should not have sought any geographical license from some vague and unknown authority. Though much has been made by critics of our quiet departure, I always felt the quest of the Pole as a personal ambition, a crazy hunger I had to satisfy.

Accused of being the most colossal liar of history, sometimes I feel that more lies have been told about me than about anyone ever born. I have been guilty of many mistakes—most men really true to themselves admit that. My claim to the North Pole may rest upon quicksands. Yet when I regard the lies, great and small, attached to me, I am filled almost with hopelessness.

As a popular illustration of the sort of yarns that were told, let me refer to the foolish fake of the gum drops. Someone started the story that I expected to reach the Pole by bribing the Eskimos with gum drops—perhaps the idea was that I was to lure them on from point to point with regularly issued rations of these confections.

Wherever I went on my lecture tour after my return to the United States, much to my irritation I saw "Cook" gum drops conspicuously displayed in confectionery store windows. Hundreds of pounds of gum drops were sent to my hotel with the compliments of the manufacturers. On all sides I heard the gum-drop story, and in almost every paper read the reiterated tale of leading the Eskimos to the Pole by dangling a gum drop on a string before them. I never denied this, as I never denied any of the fakes printed about me. The fact is, that I never heard the gum-drop yarn until I came to New York. We took no gum drops with us on our Polar trip, and, to my knowledge, no Eskimo ate a gum drop while with me.

INCEPTION OF THE POLE IDEA.

Among the many things which the public has been misled into believing is that Mr. Bradley and I together connived for the purpose of essaying this quest of the Pole. The fact is, despite published statements, that not until I reached Annoatok, and saw that conditions were favourable for a long sledge journey, did I finally determine to make a northward trip; not until then did I tell my decision definitely to Mr. Bradley.

One of the big mistakes which has been pounded into the public mind is that the proposed Polar exploit was expensively financed. It did cost a great deal to finance the planned hunting trip; but my journey northward, which was but an extension of this yachting cruise, cost comparatively little.

Because of my experience, Mr. Bradley delegated to me the outfitting of the expedition, and turned over to me money enough to pay the costs of the hunting trip. A Gloucester fishing schooner was purchased and refitted and strengthened for ice navigation. To save fuel space and to gain the advantage of a steamer, a gasolene motor was installed. There was put on board everything of possible use and comfort in the boreal wild. As it is always possible that a summer cruising ship is likely to be lost or delayed a year, common prudence dictated a preparation for the worst emergencies. So far as the needs of my own personal expedition were concerned, I took with me on the yacht plenty of hard hickory wood for the making of sledges, instruments, clothing and other apparatus gathered with much economy during my former years of exploration, and about 1,000 pounds of pemmican.

These supplies, necessary to offset the danger of shipwreck and detention by ice, were also all that were required for a Polar trip. When I finally decided on a Polar campaign, extra ship supplies, contributed from the boat, were stored at Annoatok. There, also, my supply of pemmican was amplified by the stores of walrus meat and fat prepared by myself, Rudolph Francke, and the Eskimos.

The schooner, which we had named the *John R. Bradley*, sailed from Gloucester, Massachusetts, July 3rd, 1907. Our journey northward was uneventful. In mid-August we anchored off Table Mountain, which guards the entrance of North Star Bay, where a number of natives came out in *kayaks* to meet us.

We hoped to hunt caribou near the head of Robertson Bay. This failed, and we sailed for Etah. At that time the town consisted of four tents. There was plenty of game, and while the yacht was being prepared for the return voyage, Mr. Bradley and I pursued eider duck, guillemots, and walrus, which abounded along the bay.

In these days I began to think definitely of the Pole. Could I make one powerful dash and achieve the thing that had haunted me for years? My former failures dogged me. If I did not try now, it was a question whether ever again an opportunity should come to me.

A trip to Annoatok on August 21st decided me. It was the most prosperous settlement on the North Greenland shore. Animals of all kinds abounded in the nearby region. Here the best hunters of the tribes had gathered for the winter hunt. Already immense catches of meat had been stored. Hundreds of dogs, in prime condition, were there for selection. From the strong, hefty hunters I could pick the best men to accompany me.

Every condition was auspicious for the effort. I confess the task seemed audacious almost to the verge of impossibility; yet I want to say that I had not only the determination to try, but *the preconceived conviction that the thing would be done*—yes, if by a miracle.

(To be continued.)

THE DIRECTORY SWINDLE.

A WORD OF WARNING AGAINST A WIDE-SPREAD TRICK.

The recent conviction and punishment of two men for obtaining money by false pretences in respect to advertisements in bogus and non-existent directories, will be within the recollection of our readers, but from the many complaints we have received we are afraid directory tricks are by no means played out. The following is a typical case:—

A short time ago a man walked into a shop at a time when the daughter of the proprietor was in temporary charge. Opening a fat volume, he ran his finger down a column until he came to the name of the tradesman. Then the following colloquy ensued:—

"Mr. ———?"

"Yes, that's my father."

"Ha! I've come from Blank's in respect to your father's advertisement in our directory."

"Yes? Well, he is not in just at present."

"That does not matter, my dear. I have merely called for his usual annual subscription" (filling in a formal demand for three shillings and presenting it, with a bland smile).

"I'll give this to father when he comes in."

"Oh, but my dear young lady, don't ask me to come all this long way again over such a trifling matter. There is no necessity for me to see your father. The subscription is due—overdue, in fact. If you will just settle the thing now and hand the company's receipt to your father when he comes home, you will find it's all right."

And, lo! it was an accomplished *coup*.

When the tradesman learned that he was a poorer man by three good shillings, he experienced some little difficulty in selecting a remark appropriate to the occasion. He called several times at the publishers' office—in this case the directory *was* actually published—and explained in a most emphatic manner that he had never consented, nor had he desired to have his name in their book; he has threatened County Court proceedings (and would delight in taking that retributive step only he cannot subject his daughter to the ordeal of giving evidence)—but he has entirely failed to obtain a refund of his kidnapped shillings. *Verb. sap.*

"A HIDEOUS SPECTACLE."

THE TRUTH OF OUR ASTOUNDING ALLEGATION ADMITTED.

Our article under this head, which appeared in John Bull of December 17th, has attracted much attention in Walsall, and led to a lively discussion at the meeting of the Education Committee. The facts are not disputed, unless it be that one speaker at the meeting said that the men were not marched through the streets, as we said, "in chains," but "on a chain." Assuming that they were "on a chain," and not "in chains," we do not see that it matters much. We desired to draw attention to a practice that appeared to be common in Walsall, by which men who had been unable to find the money for fines inflicted for failure to send their children to school were taken through the streets, and carried in railway carriages, as if they were convicts. We protested against this barbarous and monstrous practice, and we are glad to find that the Education Committee appear to be sensible of the justice of our strictures, whilst denying responsibility. They say they are not to blame, because the transfer of prisoners is a matter for the police, and not for them. We cannot quarrel with this defence, but, as a matter of fact, we did not suggest that the blame lay with the Education Committee. We were, or rather our correspondent was, content to state the facts and leave comment to our readers.

A further statement was made by our correspondent which represents another grave grievance on the part of the unhappy people who have been summoned and imprisoned for failing to send their children to school. According to our correspondent, summonses are served at the homes of the men in their absence at work, and their wives, "without telling their husbands about the summons, appear in their name, and being unable to find the money for the fines inflicted, commitment warrants are issued against the husbands, whose first knowledge of the matter is frequently their arrest, to be hustled off to prison without any trial or opportunity to state their case." This was denied in a half-hearted sort of way at the meeting of the Education Committee, and it is indeed difficult to believe that the procedure at the police court is so loose and lax that it is possible for men to be faced by a committal order in the hands of the policeman, with instructions to execute it, without having any previous knowledge that proceedings had been taken against them. We can only say upon it that, if it is as represented, it is a most disgraceful state of things.

THE METHODS OF THE L.C.C.

THEIR MEAN PLEA OF NON-LIABILITY FOR ACCIDENTS.

We have received a complaint from Mr. A. J. Pound, of 52, Milton Road, Herne Hill, which seems to have considerable substance in it. Some months ago, whilst cycling, Mr. Pound was run into from the rear by a Council tramcar. His bicycle was damaged and he himself was much bruised and shaken. The driver was profuse in his apologies, but said he could not avoid the accident, as the brakes of the car would not act. Some days later Mr. Pound was called upon by the Council's representative, who suggested that he should send in a bill for repairs, and the Council would pay it. Having no desire to make money out of the Council, Mr. Pound sent in a claim for 30s. only. Thereupon the Council offered 15s. Mr. Pound refused it. After several weeks they increased the offer to 20s., but as Mr. Pound had simply asked for out-of-pocket expenses, he declined to accept the smaller sum, and as the Council made no further move, Mr. Pound put the matter into the hands of his solicitor. Thereupon the Council gave notice of their intention to shelter themselves under Section 1 of the Public Authorities Protection Act. Readers may know that this Act requires that a claim shall be made within a specified time. Mr. Pound thinks this very mean conduct on the part of the Council, and we agree with him. But for the evidence before us, and the recollection of very similar conduct on the part of the Council in the past, we should have thought it incredible that any public body could have resorted to so dishonourable a course.

Here is a case in which a perfectly respectable man was injured owing to the negligence of the Council's servant. The servant, the driver of the tramcar, admitted his error and was profuse in his apologies. The injured man made no attempt to make a profit out of his injuries. He avoided laying up, as he might reasonably have done. He found it necessary to consult a doctor and had to have medicine and extra nourishment, and when he made a claim against the Council for 30s.—he might well have claimed £10, taking into account his personal injuries—the defendants recognised their liability and made an offer of the contemptuous sum of 15s., eventually raising it to 20s. If this had been made in the proper way it might have been accepted, but apparently a receipt was left at Mr. Pound's house and he was told to sign it. When, after repeated applications for payment, Mr. Pound consulted his solicitor and sues, he is told that the defence will be an Act for the protection of the people who have injured him, all because he was indulgent and did not rush into litigation. The defendants, as tramcar proprietors, are, of course, traders, and ought to be under the same liability as other traders. It may be that what has been done has been done as a matter of routine by a subordinate official. We find it difficult to believe that any responsible person should resist so moderate a claim, but, of course, the Council is responsible for the action of its subordinate. We suggest that they should take immediate steps to make such conduct as that exposed here impossible in the future.

THE ALLEGED CRUELTY TO TURTLES AT WATERLOO STATION.

Apropos of our recent remarks upon this subject, a correspondent writes:—

> I can fully confirm all your informant tells you, but he does not go quite far enough. I have seen the poor beasts taken from the vans with their shells actually cracked? Poor beasts, I suppose they have some sort of feeling. It seems to me to be one of those things very easily remedied if those responsible would only take the trouble to think for a moment.

All the same, we are very glad to get this additional confirmation of the statement that the poor reptiles are not consigned for the benefit of the Civic authorities.

AN IDEAL BOOK FOR THE SEASON.

Fourth Edition. Now Ready.

BOTTOMLEY'S BOOK.

Being Mr. Bottomley's Reminiscences and Experiences.

Price One Shilling, Post Free.

ODHAMS LIMITED, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

MARYLEBONE BAILIFFS.

STRIKING ALLEGATIONS OF SLACKNESS IN EXECUTING WARRANTS.

A Praed Street tradesman complains that the bailiffs of Marylebone County Court, or some of them, do not perform their duty. He says that last January a neighbouring shopkeeper owed him money, for which he sued. The bailiff whose duty it was to serve the summons delayed it for months. Our correspondent frequently complained to the High Bailiff, without result. Another bailiff was put on and the service was effected through our correspondent's own instrumentality. The case was heard and he got judgment. The defendant said to him in Court, "This won't do you any good; I shall never pay you, and no one will ever force *me*."

In due course, a judgment summons was taken out, which was in the bailiffs' hands for months without being served. Our correspondent says that he was round at the Court scores of times complaining, but he was always met with the fairy tale that the defendant could not be served, as he was away. All this time the debtor was seen daily going about his business perfectly unconcerned, and when passing our correspondent's door he would sneer and laugh, and many times he has put his head in at the door and said, "Old man, they'll never touch *me*."

At last the plaintiff took out an amended summons from the Court and gave it to his manager to serve—which he did that morning. The defendant threw it into our correspondent's shop and said it was worthless. Eventually, a Committal Order was obtained, but it was never executed, although the bailiff's officer, with the warrant on him, had been seen in the company of the defendant, walking with him in the streets of Paddington. On December 8th a message was brought to the plaintiff that if he hurried quickly towards the Metropolitan Music Hall he would see the two together. He rushed round and was just in time to see them in company. The debtor made off, and our correspondent remonstrated with the officer for not arresting him. Afterwards complaint was made to the High Bailiff, but without result, and the man remains at large. This is only one of many similar complaints we have received. What does the High Bailiff and the Judge of the Court say to it?

BIRTHDAY OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

December 30th.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Some years have passed since, from the East,
You flashed upon the world of letters;
Since when your vogue has never ceased,
And all who read remain your debtors:
Many dislike, but all must read you,
And, wondering, ask who can succeed you?

HOW NICE!

How nice to see the children play
With all their little toys,
Their dolls and bricks and balls and things
For little girls and boys;
How nice to watch their gambols till
The house is in a roar,
All helter-skelter mixed up with
The toys strewn on the floor!

How nice to think such simple things
Amuse each simple mind—
How nice those toys still on the floor
All in the dark to find;
To mix your feet in dolls until
You don't know where you are—
How nice to trip and cut your lip
On Willy's motor-car!

RICARDO.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

SEE PAGE III. OF COVER.

THE REDCAR DIPHTHERIA EPIDEMIC.

IS IT CAUSED BY THE SCHOOL DRAINS?

A Redcar correspondent makes grave allegations as to the reason for the origin and spread of the local diphtheria epidemic, which has resulted in six deaths among the children attending the Council Schools, though other schools have been immune.

It is asserted that five years ago these schools were built upon nearly an acre of land, occupying the lowest situation in the district, which it was impossible to properly drain, and which the speculative builders had rejected on that account. For it the ratepayers were charged £1,250, though its value is stated to have been nearer a tithe of that sum, as it brought in an annual rent of but £3 for grazing purposes.

When the schools were nearly built, it is alleged that it was found that the sewer would not take the flush from the latrines, and pans were substituted. There was so poor a fall to the drains that they soon silted up. In justice to the authorities, it should be said that they describe this choking matter as consisting of sand from the surface of the playground, but our information is that it is ordinary sewage, which has become horrible beyond description.

For the last five weeks alarm has been rife among the parents of the children, and it is surely time an official enquiry were held into the allegations.

OUR CHRISTMAS TREATS TO THE POOR.

As our readers are aware, we are giving—in their names—mighty Christmas treats to the poor in the shape of the distribution of dinners, toys, etc., in their own homes. With this object, we have made arrangements with local tradesmen to honour coupons for meat, groceries, etc., whilst the toys and clothing are being disposed of by our workers, as the result of special enquiries into the most deserving cases.

Last week we had the pleasure of announcing a substantial list of donations, in cash and kind, and now are glad to acknowledge the following additional gifts:—

A. D., 10s.; A. J. R. H., 10s.; W. E. P. and Scholars, 4s.; "'Ad Some," 5s.; "Bordon," 5s.; "Umpecumious Schoolboy," 10d.; T. T. O'N., 2s. 6d.; "A Brewer," 10s.; G. E. T. E., 1s.; "Shacklewell Comps," per J. W., 7s. 6d.; "Constant Reader," 2s.; "G.," 2s. 6d.; D. Fernandez, 2s.; E. and A. H., small china dogs; "Typist," 7s. 6d.; C. B., 10s.; "Three Ayrshire Readers," 5s.; "Blanche and Peggy," 2s.; Adrian H. G. H., 10s. 6d.; "Nibs and Squibs," 2s.; J. Hawkins, 5s. 8d.; J. W. B. (Staveley), 2s. 6d.; S. A. F., 1s.; Messrs. C. N. Kopke and Co., 20 cases Victoria port; Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, 2 gross milk chocolate, 2 gross Vinillo chocolate, 2 gross bundles chocolate, 1 dozen knives, cards, etc.; L. Williamson, 1s. 6d.; "Mabs and Titch," 10s.; "League Member 1614," 2s.; G. F. Davey, 2s. 6d.; "Giffusck," 2s.; "Bullite," 2s. 6d.; F. P. (Gt. Yarmouth), 5s.; "Beer," 10s.; H. A., 2s. 6d.; A. R., 2s. 6d.; R. W. T., 2s. 6d.; "Working Man," 2s.; R. S. G., 5s.; M. H., 5s.; W. R. S., 2s. 6d.; A. S. (Hoxton), 2s. 6d.; F. H., 1s.; "A Scottie," 5s.; "Sis," 5s.; H. P., 6d.; C. L. P., 6d.; R. L. P., 6d.; F. M., 6d.; H. K., 6d.; K. K., 6d.; G. K., 6d.; B. H., 6d.; F. B., 6d.; L. R. Shulte, toys, clothing, etc.; Gordon McDonald and Co., £1 1s.; E. A. (Lancy), 2s. 6d.; H. R. H., 5s.; Misses Lyons (Mare Street), sweets; T. A. (Safely Received), 2s.; "Two Jouks," 2s.; F. H. (Norwich) and Few Friends, 5s.; Keeling Weyman, 1s.; "X. X. X.," 5s.; E. C., 10s.; R. H. S., 1s.; Angus R. (Walbrook), 10s. 6d.; D. R. Eastwood, box of toys; Sir Thomas Lipton, the handsome present of over a thousand of each of the following:—Large meat pies, slices of cake, oranges; C. Shane, 1s.; Lotery and Co., 100 suits boys' clothing; "Loo," £2; Mrs. J. D. C., £2; "A. and A.," 2s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Harvey and Family, Christmas cards; "K. K. and Ba-Ba," 5s.; W. B. J. and N. M. J., 2s.; E. Just, 5s.; R. S., 6d.; "Santa-Claus," 5s.; H. M. C., 1s.; "Claudius," 1s.; "Molly and Frank," 2s.; W. S., 5s.; "Margot Theakstone," 2s. 6d. and parcel clothing; J. T. Allen, 2s.; John F. Martha, 2s.; F. M., 2s. 6d.; J. C. Plaster, parcel of clothing. We have also received a very large number of parcels of clothing, toys, etc., from anonymous donors—for which we are very grateful

"THE WAKE UP ENGLAND LEAGUE" AND ITS FOUNDER, SMITH.

SOME CURIOUS SOCIETIES WITH VERY "WIDE" OBJECTS.

In February last, one Eustace Smith formed a society—the Peace Promoting Society—which had offices at 12, Aldgate, E.C. Its objects were to advise without charge on business matters, to arbitrate in business disputes, and to give practical assistance in troubles arising out of any cause whatever. A foreman printer was advertised for, and although there was no printing apparatus of any description, a Mr. Gagan, of 2, Sutherland Square, S.E., was appointed, and requested to deposit £100 as security. Refusing to do so, he made himself disagreeable, and was paid one month's wages, and another in lieu of notice.

The Peace Promoting Society did not "catch on," and so Mr. Smith decided to start a West-end club, and advertised for a lady manageress with capital. Smith had by this time left his residence at Forest Gate and gone to Hendrey Hill, Llwyngwril, N. Wales, where he conducted his operations. A Miss Hedson, of 37, Redcliffe Square, South Kensington, was the selected applicant for lady manageress of this phantom club.

A monthly paper, entitled the *P.P.S. Gazette*, was then produced. It was issued in April, May, July and August (June being missed). It, too, passed away.

In the meantime, as the Peace Promoting Society did not prosper, Mr. Smith changed the name to the "Wake Up England League," and he re-named the gazette, *The Alarum*, but the public did not wake up with their subscriptions, although a prospectus was issued and 25,000 leaflets printed by the Alert Company, and distributed.

Then there was another venture—the British Industries and Arts Association. This concern offered to give advice as to how and where to live, how to fill up Form IV., and legal and other advice, on payment of 10s. 6d. per annum. This was also a complete failure.

Mr. Smith then decided to raise money in another way, and advertised for a secretary, "Substantial Security Required." A Mr. Webb, of "Neasden," Station Road, Romford, was the successful applicant for the post, and obtained it on payment of £500 to Mr. Smith. He was to receive £4 per week salary (for doing nothing, as there was nothing to do). After Mr. Webb was installed, another advertisement was put in for a private secretary, "Substantial Security Required." Out of the several applicants, one, Lieutenant La Coste (late Warwick Regiment), of 91, The Vineyard, Richmond, was selected, and obtained the supposed vacancy on payment of £100 cash to Mr. Smith. The cheques paid by Mr. Smith to Mr. Webb and Mr. La Coste for wages were returned from the bank.

The Wake Up England League has disappeared; another body, termed the Goodwill Society, has been formed, but Mr. Smith, although the founder, has kept in the background, for obvious reasons. According to the prospectus, "this society has been formed to encourage kindness and goodwill in all human affairs, and to support legislation which will conduce to this end, or to the betterment of the moral and physical conditions of the people." During the summer, Mr. Smith started a tour in the provinces to give lectures, &c. One address was given at Northampton, and one at Bedford, with a view of raising subscriptions, &c., but the lectures were unsuccessful, and Mr. Smith abandoned the tour, and also the lecturer, who has now obtained a judgment against him for salary, his solicitors being Messrs. Lloyd George, of Barmouth. Here are some of the ventures for which he has made himself responsible:—

Peace Promoting Society.	Publishing Company.
P.P.S. Gazette.	A City Club.
A Restaurant.	A Fleet of Cabs.
Society for Ladies Only.	A Travel Bureau.

The Goodwill Society is at a standstill for want of funds. The prospectus has not been paid for, and we have seen a score of letters from Mr. T. Thatcher, Printer and Bookseller; Messrs. David Allen and Son, of Wealdstone; The Alert Circularising Company, of High Holborn; James Willing, Jnr., 125, Strand; Messrs. Spurrel and Son, of Carmarthen; and others, complaining that their accounts have not been paid.

MRS. BULL.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY. PRICE ONE PENNY.

POTTED POLITICAL PANTOS.

BY "RETLAW."

THE PEERS' PERIL; OR, WARNED IN VAIN.

SCENE.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Opening Chorus of HEREDITARY *and* TORY PEERS.

A jolly crew are we,
The high nobility,
We always do whatever we're inclined to;
We boss the State, and kill
Each democratic bill
The Radicals send up—if we've a mind to.

We're rather mixed, 'tis true—
The blood of some is blue,
Some with the Norman Conqueror came thieving;
The rest are simply those
Who through cash or "party," rose
To heights which in their youth were past conceiving.

We hate all Radicals,
But the Tories are our pals—
We pass their measures without hesitation;
But the bills passed by the Rads,
Who are nothing more than cads,
We reject *because they jeopardise the nation!*

Enter DEMOCRACY.

Cease your unholy revels, Peers,
And mourn your past misdeeds in tears.
The time has come when you shall learn
That Justice, though delayed, is stern.
You have yourselves prepared your fate
By frequent insults to the State,
Rejecting measures to you sent,
Passed for the people's betterment.
You backwoods Peers will now be slaughtered,
Your Veto hanged, and drawn, and quartered!

LORD ROSEBERY (*addressing the trembling Peers*)—
I told you so! You would have 'scaped this storm
If years ago you'd listened to Reform.
You treated then my warning with disdain;
But still I preached, and preached, alas, in vain!
"Th' hereditary principle," I said,
"Is moribund—consign it to the dead."
But you, infatuate, possessed, bemused,
With cold contempt my sage advice refused.
"Include elected members," then I cried,
"Men whom their fellows look upon with pride;
Men of outstanding merit, men of wit."—
You smiled in scorn, and would have none of it.
Now Nemesis treads close upon your heels;
The very fabric of your greatness reels;
Soon will your coronets lie in the dust,
Because you have been faithless to your trust.

Chorus of NATIONALISTS.

We look upon you with disgust;
You have been faithless to your trust;
We'll bring your foreheads to the dust,
And snatch Home Rule despite you.
A Parliament on College Green
Will very shortly now be seen—
Thus, for your anti-Irish spleen,
We Irish will requite you!

Chorus of SOCIALISTS.

Soon will the sole impediment
To Socialistic schemes,
Like an old tattered coat be rent
And burst out at the seams;
Soon shall we share your hoarded splosh,
And have a rare old time, by gosh!

DEMOCRACY.

Nay, not so fast, unruly hordes;
Remember, there are lords, and *lords*.
Democracy will still respect
Those whom her leaders did elect;
Hereditary Peers alone,
Who small intelligence have shown;
Are marked for slaughter. All the rest
Still with some power I will invest.
Thus will our Parliament be strengthened,
And Britain's age-long Empire lengthened.

[CURTAIN.]

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By WALTER MOORE.

MRS. GRUNDY.

Strolling along Piccadilly the other day, I met Mrs. Grundy. She was looking as severe as usual. Righteous indignation against everything radiated from her encarmined nose. I winked. She sniffed.

"Mad. m," I said, "I am anxious to have a talk with you."

"Young man," she retorted, "I must study my reputation. I dare not be seen talking to you in the street."

"Let us adjourn to a wine bar," I suggested. "We can find a quiet compartment, and have a heart to heart talk."

"How dare you suggest such a thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Grundy, trying to blush. "Heart to heart talk, indeed! Allow me to tell you that I wear all-wool coms., which preclude the possibility of such a scandalous proceeding as you suggest."

"My dear madam," I returned, "you mistake me. I don't mean what you mean."

"None of your double intenders," snorted Mrs. Grundy. "I know very well what you mean. You are one of those disreputable JOHN BULL writers, which is quite enough for me."

"But what about that little drink?" I insinuated.

"I daren't be seen going in with you," replied Mrs. Grundy, slightly mollified; "but if you'll go in first, I'll follow you in a few moments."

Five minutes after, Mrs. Grundy sidled up to me as I sat, expectant, on a comfortable lounge.

"What will you have?" I asked.

"A little drop of gin, old dear," smirked Mrs. Grundy.

The refreshment was ordered and delivered. Mrs. Grundy tasted, and smacked her lips.

"Drink is a terrible thing," she said, setting down her empty glass.

"There are worse vices," I replied.

"Are there?" whispered Mrs. Grundy, edging up to me. "What are they?"

"The habit of uncharitable scandalising is one," I returned.

Mrs. Grundy bridled.

"It is the duty of everyone to keep a sharp eye on their neighbours' goings on," she said.

"A certain lady has recently appeared who intends to keep a sharp eye on *your* goings on," I remarked.

Mrs. Grundy stirred uneasily.

"You mean that young hussey, Mrs. Bull," she said. "I could you tell something about *her*, if I cared to speak."

"Substantiate your insinuation," I said, sternly.

Mrs. Grundy leered at me and drained her empty glass.

"Well," she whispered, "I overheard a certain party say the other day that Mrs. Bull—*you* know," concluded Mrs. Grundy, nodding her head significantly.

"I know nothing," I declared, "and I cannot allow you to leave the subject like that. If you have anything to say against Mrs. Bull, out with it."

Mrs. Grundy adjusted her corkscrew curls, and again lifted her empty glass.

"All right," I said, signalling to the waiter.

"We'll give you a little more lubricant, and then you will have no excuse for silence. Now," I demanded, when the fresh supply of gin had been absorbed, "what's all this about Mrs. Bull?"

Mrs. Grundy wiped her lips with her black cotton gloves. "Well," said she, "if you *must* know, a certain party said that Mrs. Bull——"

Mrs. Grundy broke off and nodded significantly several times.

"Now," I roared, properly enraged, "out with it!"

"All right," whispered Mrs. Grundy, hastily; "but promise you will not tell a soul."

"I make no conditions," I retorted, "but demand to know what it is you have against Mrs. Bull."

"Well," said Mrs. Grundy, "I heard a party say the other day that Mrs. Bull has a very fine calf!"

"Well, no one could accuse *you* of a similar offence," I observed, glancing down at her side-spring boots and white cotton stockings.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXXII.

AN UNEMPLOYED CLERK AND HIS WEARY SEARCH FOR WORK.

The following letter speaks for itself. We hold copies of the man's testimonials for the past ten years, and we shall be glad to show them to any readers who wish to help him:—

I am 34 years of age, comfortably married and have a lovely boy two years old.

I have unfortunately suffered periodical illnesses, occasioned solely by worry in my anxiety to secure permanent employment. Always energetic and hard-working, the notion of being unable to maintain a small, but respectable, home has caused me to experience many dreadful sleepless nights.

My late employers have pecuniarily assisted me as much as I can reasonably expect; obtaining loans has added to my difficulties. the disposition of furniture essential to comfort has increased my worries, and the threats of ejectment by my landlord, owing to arrears of rent, intensifies my misery.

I can boast unostentatiously of being well educated, a good accountant (possessing a Chartered Accountant's recommendation), capable correspondent, general and shorthand clerk, with considerable varied legal experience, including the preparation of heavy bills of costs, Stock Exchange business, and the control of staffs transacting a variety of intricate professional and commercial matters.

My difficulty for the last few years has been in securing a permanent berth, the places I have temporarily obtained having been invariably previously occupied by men of long service, who return to their former work.

I have advertised for a situation in any suitable capacity, attended daily various Labour Exchanges, replied to, and delivered, hundreds of letters in answer to advertisements, and walked many miles without any profitable result. The positions offered through the Exchanges I invariably found were filled, prior to notification to me, by men actually seeking employment through the same medium, and in the case of advertised vacancies, I was usually entering into competition with young and single men, prepared to accept a ridiculously low wage.

All my wearing apparel is showing much signs of wear. I have never been before so dilapidated in appearance.

I court every enquiry and appeal to you to assist me to obtain a livelihood.

We have received, and duly remitted, the following to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CXIV.—"An Irishwoman," 4s.

CXVIII.—K. C. D., 1s.; "Students," 4s., collected by "Louise Sarah."

CXIX.—J. V., 1s.; "Alan," 1s.; W. and M. P., 2s.; N. N., 1s.; "Walter," 5s.; B. Y., 1s.; "E. Ivo," 2s; "Pandy Brum," 4s. 9d.; G. D., 2s. 6d.

CXX.—"A Happy Couple," 2s.; "Christmas," 2s.; B. E., 5s.; "Hilda and Dorothy," 12s.; J. E., 2s. 6d.; "Bee," 2s.; H. L. H., and F. E. H., 6s.; "Bonny," 1s.; P. O. F., 2s.; "Cumulus," 2s. 6d.; A. S. E. S., 2s. 6d.; A. W., 2s.; G. H., 5s.; "A Reader," 6d.; J. T. B., 5s.; M. L., 1s.; A., 5s.; N. I. P., 2s. 6d.; S. E. S., 1s.; "Leonard," 1s.; "Den Storricun," 5s.; "Koko," 5s.; D. W., 5s.; "Pandy Brum," 4s.; K. and G., 1s.; C. K., 5s.; "Winter," 4s.; E. G. M., 2s.; "Olga," 20s.; "Troddles," 2s. 6d.; "In His Name," 20s.

CXXI.—J. M. B., 2s. 6d.; F. G., 1s. 6d.; "Ethjack," 10s.; H. J. and H. H. B., 2s.; S. G., 2s. 6d.; F. L., 2s. 6d.; A. M. B., 1s.; "Hard-up Villian," 1s.; "Tricity," 2s. 6d.; "Every Little Helps," 1s.; A. T., 1s.; F. B., 10s.; E. J. K., 2s.; "In His Name," 20s.; "From a Friend W.," 10s.; M. S., 21s.; J. J. J., 4s.; "Two Little Ones," 2s. 6d.; M. M., 3s.; W. M., 2s. 6d.; P. M., 1s.; O. H. B., 5s.; E. R. W., 2s. 6d.; W. G. M., 2s. 6d.; "Covent Garden Collection," £2; "Honest Freemason," 5s.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS PRESENT SCHEME.

Owing to the enormous number of coupons received in connection with this scheme—upon which a special staff has been engaged for several days past—it is impossible for us to complete the competition before going to press with this issue. We are, however, losing no time in forwarding to the successful competitors the prizes—ranging in value from £5 down to 5s., and in each case giving the option of cash or articles from our published list to an equivalent value.

What is Your Number?

See page iii of Cover.

A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT AND ITS CRITICS.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

I.—MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

The best proof that the Business Government campaign is making headway is that it is now being well abused—which means that it is winning. And, of course, the principal abuse comes from those who are interested in keeping alive the present Party system—that is to say, the professional politicians. Most pushing among these is Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, a theoretical Socialist, a nominal member of the Labour Party, and a well "whispered" man for a minor Government post. Mr. Macdonald is an extremely shrewd and able young Scotsman, an excellent speaker, albeit altogether unconvincing—for he thinks and talks in economics and statistics; he is distrusted by most of the Labour men, and feared by them all.

During the recent election, the John Bull League addressed certain questions to party candidates as to their views upon the subject of a Business Government. And this is how Mr. Macdonald starts his reply :—

> I must confess to a feeling of utter detestation to JOHN BULL and everything connected with it, and any suggestions coming from it will certainly be received by me with initial prejudice. The savour of the whole thing is most prejudicial to every sentiment that I desire to associate with public and private life.

Here you have a fair sample of the temperament and method of the man---insufferable (though perfectly unconscious) vanity, and unreal language: "The savour of the whole thing is most prejudicial to every sentiment that I desire to associate with public and private life." Imagine a "savour" being "prejudicial" to a "sentiment"! But let that pass.

Dealing with the questions as a whole, Mr. Macdonald says they "are to a large extent meaningless and do not indicate the lines of any real reform of our administration"! The questions suggest the introduction of a larger "Business element" into the management of our public departments; the appointment of a Business man as President of the Board of Trade (assisted by a permanent Committee representative of employers and workmen); a Financier as Chancellor of the Exchequer; a Sailor as First Lord of the Admiralty; and a Soldier as War Minister. Yet they "do not indicate the lines of any real reform of our *administration*"!

Coming to details, Mr. Macdonald says, "The reconstitution of the Board of Trade is not required." The proposal, he thinks, simply amounts to a new method of selecting the permanent officials, who ought, in his opinion, to be kept "in constant contact with the outside world."

But Mr. Macdonald forgets that, under our plan, the Business Committee would be elected annually by the Chambers of Commerce, Trades Unions, etc. At present, the Board of Trade includes the Archbishop of Canterbury and the *Speaker of the Irish Parliament*! But it "does not require reconstitution"! And just ponder over his objection to a Board of Business men—that such a body is usually "useless, reactionary, and *unimaginative*." Who wants an "imaginative" Board of Trade? Imaginative Socialists, if you like—but practical, level-headed men to protect our trade interests, if you please.

But that is not all. Mr. Macdonald has his eye on the Treasury Bench, and he must back up the nominees of the present Prime Minister. So he says :—

> I can imagine a President of the Board of Trade who has business experience making a much more inefficient President than any we have had *since 1906*.

It is interesting to note that they have all been "inefficient," but any business man would have been more so! In other words, Messrs. Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, and Sydney Buxton were all endowed by Providence with special qualifications for the control of our trading interests—notwithstanding which, two of them have already been moved to other departments—for the work of which, I am sure, Mr. Macdonald believes there is no one—except, of course, himself—so well fitted!

Then as to a Financier being at the head of the Exchequer, what says Mr. Macdonald?

> One of the very worst Chancellors of the Exchequer we ever had was a man of wide financial experience. A Chancellor should be a man who has got very clear views on economic policy, a clear business head, and sane *theoretical* views on politics.

What do you think of that? Poor Goschen! How old was Mr. Macdonald when the interest on Consols was reduced? But he has not finished :—

> The men who are financial experts are needed at the Treasury as permanent officials, like Sir George Murray and Sir Henry Primrose.

But Mr. Macdonald has forgotten his text. A little while ago he told us that the "experts require to be brought into constant contact with the outside world." Now he wants to keep them in the background!

Then as to a Naval expert being at the head of the Admiralty. Here, evidently, our hon. friend feels the force of the suggestion—but he won't have it. It "savours" of JOHN BULL! And this is how he trifles with the question :—

> I have never yet discovered what a naval expert is. If we could find him, and could agree as to his "expertness," *it would be more easy for me to answer your question.*

What do you think of that? "We must first agree as to the practice before I can answer as to the *principle*," says this cold Scotch logician. In other words, it would never do for him to give a simple "Yes" to unsavoury JOHN BULL.

Would Mr. Macdonald approve of the War Minister being a military expert? Again he must fence. And he must also pay a few more compliments to the Government :—

> The same thing applies to this, but the fact remains that *the best War Minister we have had in modern times is Mr. Haldane.*

No wonder that the Labour Party is regarded by many as simply a docile wing of the Government!

After this, it of course follows that the suggestion of a Tariff Committee of the Board of Trade—consisting of delegates from Chambers of Commerce and Trades Unions—is "preposterous"—one of the objections to it being that it would have the power to check deliberate abuse of the freedom of our ports "without apparently hearing any facts on the other side"! In other words, if a great American Trust—built up on a system of Protection—makes a dead set at a British industry, with the sole purpose of destroying it, and then adding a new market to its own monopoly, the British Board of Trade must do nothing without Mr. Roosevelt's permission! No wonder that that blatant Yankee told us, even whilst he was our guest, that we were a nation of fools!

No, Mr. Macdonald—it won't do. These are not the days for "*theoretical* views on politics." I know you were once a school teacher, and in that capacity it was your work to instil theoretical views of things into the minds of your pupils. And I doubt not that you did it ably and well. But the House of Commons is not a school. It is, or should be, the Business Committee of the nation; and it must conduct the nation's affairs on Business lines.

Are you a "one-job" man?

An article that may make the difference between success and failure for any business man.

ARE you a "one-job man"? It sounds a cryptic question, but it really means a great deal to you, that is, if you have any ambition to succeed in your business life. Its answer means just the difference between real success when you still can enjoy it, and a miserable pittance when you are too old to get the benefit even of that. That difference is surely a great one—surely important enough for you to read this article.

Perhaps you don't quite understand what a "one-job man" is; well, he is the man who does his every-day work quite creditably, but who would be a failure in any situation other than the one he has been brought up to fill. He is the man whose knowledge of business is limited to that one special branch that he entered as a boy and that he has spent his time in since.

You will understand it better if you ask yourself these three questions:—

Three Vital Questions.

1st.—How much do you know about your business outside your own department?

2nd.—Could you fill a responsible post in another business, if it was offered you to-morrow?

3rd.—Do you know enough to be manager of your office?

If you cannot say "yes" to each of these questions; do you realise that you are fast becoming a "one-job man" yourself? *You cannot stay waiting to step into the shoes* of the man directly above you. You must be in a position to accept a better post immediately, if one should arise, and you cannot do that unless you enlarge your business knowledge. It is absolutely necessary for your future success that you should begin at once to pick up an all-round business knowledge. This knowledge should enable you to answer any and every problem that could arise, and to meet without hesitation every difficulty that could face you. Every successful man has had to get this knowledge before he could achieve his success, and so will you.

What Do You Know About Business?

Now what do you know about business? For instance, do you understand book-keeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand a profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business or calling? Do you know anything at all about manufacturing? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you understand time-keeping systems?

You do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively? Yet

These Things Are Business Knowledge.

Do you know much about the income-tax? Do you know company law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you understand clearly what a Bankruptcy definition is? Or what the goodwill of a business really means? Do you know about cheques and banking and bills of all sorts? Do you understand the difference between Insurance and Assurance?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Do you know anything about big selling schemes? How to create a demand for any special article? How to meet competition? Do you understand the mail order business? Or how to hire and to coach and to deal with salesmen?

Do you know anything about advertising? Would you know how to engineer separately a national advertising appeal and a local appeal?

This is the knowledge that will bring you to success, and if you are wise you will get it in the quickest and surest way you can. That way is the "Business Encyclopædia," which has been written by many of the most successful business men of the day, and which tells you the methods by which they have gained their success. Its writers include Richard Burbidge (Managing-Director Harrod's Stores), John Cansfield (Managing-Director Lipton Ltd.), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), A. W. Gamage (Managing-Director A. W. Gamage Ltd.), John Lawrie (Managing-Director William Whiteley Ltd.), Joseph Lyons (Managing-Director J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's Ltd.), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the *Daily Mail*), S. J. Waring (Managing-Director Waring and Gillow).

We want you to send for the free book offered below, even if you do not think of buying the Business Encyclopædia at once, or ever. It is much better not to risk missing a good thing, than to delay taking advantage of this offer.

TWO OPINIONS.

SIR THOMAS DEWAR:—
"The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure they will be found necessary in every commercial house. Now that we see the Encyclopædia the marvel is that such a work has not been thought of in this country before."

Mr. L. G. HORSLEY, Cashier, Marlborough Road, Ipswich:—
"I find it is of the great possible assistance to me in my work as cashier at one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am only sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

A FREE BOOK.

The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book—which will be sent to you POST FREE. It gives the names of the Business articles written above, and it tells you all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

To the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.;
54, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge a copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia."

Name.....
(Send this Form or a postcard, mentioning JOHN BULL.)

Address.....

.....

A CHEAP GLOW.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

It was bitterly cold. The rich man felt it in his heavy fur-lined coat as he sped noisily by on his smelly motor-car. The eager throng of humanity felt it through all the excitement of their New Year's shopping. The beggar at the corner felt it and shivered as he drew his rags closer to him to ward off the icy finger of the too inquisitive wind, as he whined his monotonous chant.

"Bootlaces, penny a pair. Penny a pair, bootlaces."

And the mean man felt it, too, as he paused before the door of the gaily lighted public-house. He had paused here before in his journeyings to and fro that evening, in the fond hope that some chance acquaintance might pass by and ask him to celebrate the joyous season.

Alas! it seemed such good fortune was not to come his way, and now as visions of a steaming hot glass of rum rose before him, he felt that me must mortify his pocket to the extent of the three pennies necessary to obtain that sovereign specific against the cold.

So he paused at the door. Then at last he laid an eager hand on the knob—and paused again. For at that moment the beggar approached.

"Penny a pair, penny a pair."

And as the plaintive cry fell on the ear of the mean man, an idea suddenly smote him full in the forehead with such appalling force that it arrested his footsteps on the very threshold of the abode of rum and gin, and made him turn again.

Only that afternoon he had been reading how a charitable deed warmed the doer through and through with a glow guaranteed to defy the elements and to outlast all other heats caused by such evanescent essences as rum and kindred spirits. He had never tried a charitable deed before: why not seize the opportunity and save twopence? It was New Year's Eve, too, the recognised season for such things. Why not, indeed?

He turned to the retail bootlace merchant:

"Here you are my man," said he, "never mind the bootlaces. Happy New Year," he added, jocosely, waving aside the proffered wares.

"Thanks, capting. Same to you, and many on 'em." The beggar pocketed the coin and shuffled round the corner, while the mean man walked on, awaiting the glow.

Funny thing, it wouldn't come, that glow. Something evidently had gone wrong. He pulled himself up suddenly and indignantly. He was a good mind to go back and demand the return of his money. Glow, indeed! Why, he was colder, if anything, than before. Clearly the man was a fraud, and could be charged with obtaining money by false pretences.

Reflecting thus, he stuck his hands in his pockets, and in doing so discovered a bitter truth that turned him colder than ever. He had given away half-a-crown in mistake for a penny.

Frenziedly he went through his pockets one after another. Yes! There was no doubt about it. He was in the habit of keeping his coppers and silver in separate pockets to avoid such mistakes as this. Evidently, in the excitement engendered by the novelty of the situation, he had taken the coin from the wrong pocket.

As the truth burst upon him in all its hideous nakedness the sweat broke out on his forehead, and his body tingled all over.

But even now that the glow had come, the mean man was not satisfied.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

THE RECORD JOURNALIST.

[The late Mr. Henry Silver, of 11, Prince's Gardens, S.W., a former member of the staff of "Punch," left a fortune of £1,197, 867.]

I stand bewildered, in a mental mist,
To hear the tale of such vast riches told;
This was no merchant—but a journalist!
Silver by name, yet he was solid gold.

THE HARDEST BIRD.

[There has been a discussion in the Press as to the "Hardest Bird to Hit." Sportsmen appear to be divided in opinion between the woodcock, snipe, redshank, blackbird, and grouse.]

Let sportsmen weigh in with their stories of shooting,
Their shots all so hard—and so tall;
There's a bird we have shot at they don't even mention—
The 'oof-bird's the hardest of all! Ricardo.

OH, FOR A BUSINESS CONSULATE!

A WAIL FROM EGYPT.

Here is a letter from a reader in Alexandria:—

"The commercial world will some day thank you for your strenuous efforts and constant appeals for a Business Government. How a commercial nation such as England can fail to recognise the necessity for strong business men, both in its Government and its Consular service, remains a mystery.

"As a commercial agent of ten years' standing I have failed to discover one practical business man in any position of authority.

"Offshoots of a degenerate nobility, ex-bank and insurance clerks, have somehow or another obtained positions at home and abroad which are obviously the positions of business men.

"You will do the British nation a great service, also British agents abroad, by attracting attention whenever possible to the gravity of what I should describe as 'Consular ignorance.' No British agent abroad of any experience thinks of approaching his Consul relative to commercial matters—either he is totally ignorant or he is above commerce.

"The American and German agents whom I have met assure me that their Consuls are always ready and competent to assist them in every way.

"The fact is, our Consuls have an overrated opinion of their dignity; they seem to forget that they are representatives of an industrial nation which must be fed from all sources."

COMPLETELY IDENTIFIED.

The wedding guests went, and the new pair retired;
He blessed his luck with a thankfulness deep,
For had he not captured the girl he desired,
And were they not bound for the Garden of Sleep?

But there in the bedroom she opened her mouth;
Having long since discarded the veil and the wreath;
She clutched at her lips, and the fear-stricken youth
Saw that she—oh, by gum!—was removing her teeth!

The two rows came out, both the lower and top,
They looked like the kind at a guinea the set;
The newly-made husband felt ready to drop,
His own wife to him was a mystery yet.

In the water she placed them—she turned to his view,
And "Oom-oom-de-oompty" sounds like what she said;
He saw her transformed, and that moment he knew
He had married the Woman of Mumbles Head!

Ricardo.

OUR WEEKLY CHESTNUT.

Our recent offer of a prize of 10s. 6d. for the best chestnut sent in, has brought us so many sacksfull of ancient and, in some cases, almost prehistoric, jokes, that we have been quite unable up to the present to decide upon any definite selection. We shall, however, remit the sum of 10s. 6d. in respect of any selected from those sent in.

BOGUS COUNTY COURT FORMS AGAIN.

Amongst the harpies who endeavour to terrorise poor, and often ignorant, people into paying money by means of forms got up in imitation of official notices from the county courts, is S. Faith and Co., 16, Hanbury Street, Spitalfields, who apparently purport to act as solicitors on behalf of the Buxton Loan and Discount Office—though their name does not appear in the Law List. This is obviously a case for the Incorporated Law Society.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii. of Cover.

THE DANGER OF NEGLECTED ILL-HEALTH.

INTERESTING CHARTS WHICH DEMONSTRATE THE FACTS IN A STRIKING FORM.

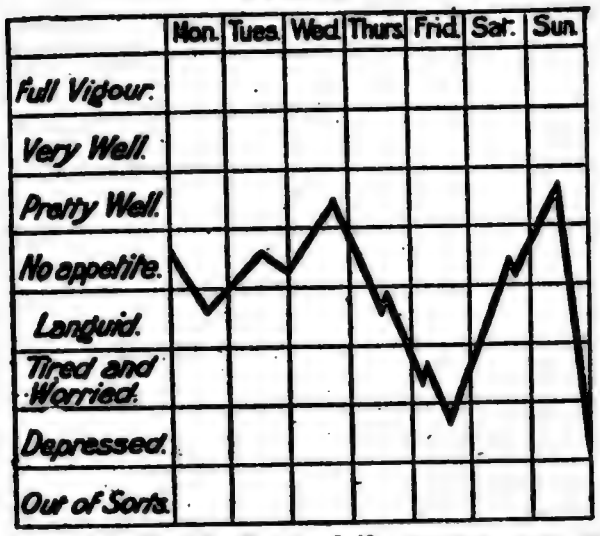
Mr. Sandow's Important Offer to all who desire to secure and maintain Perfect Health.

MUCH that has proved of the greatest value to the public from the health point of view has been published in connection with Mr. Eugen Sandow and the work of his Institute for the cure of illness without medicine, and the health message which is conveyed on this page to-day deals with one of the most important health questions in relation to individual sufferers, *i.e.*, the peril of procrastination.

Look at this simple Chart. Does it not show the average week's bill of the daily health of many millions? This, you will observe, is the Chart of Health of an individual whose proper condition should be represented by an almost unvarying line at the top section of the Chart.

What would you not give to be in enjoyment of the full mental and physical vigour represented by "perfect health," which it is quite possible for you to secure in a natural manner?

CHART I.



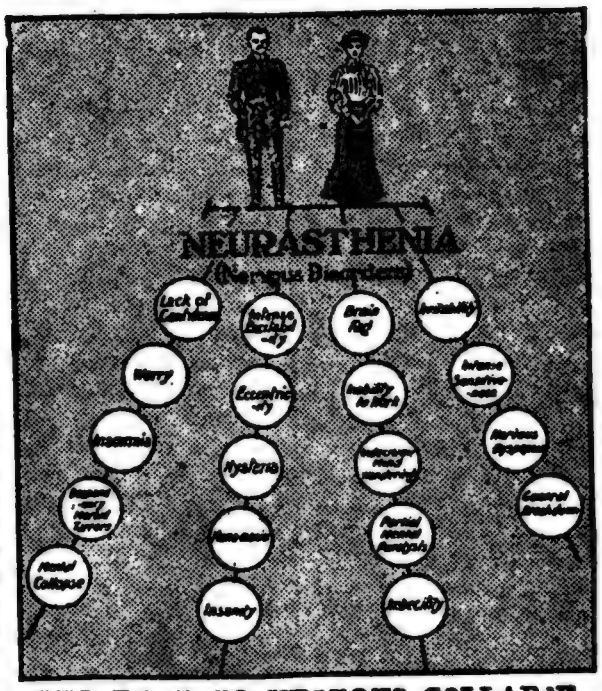
A week's Health Chart of the average man or woman who does not enjoy perfect health on any day during the week. The health line of a person perfectly well should run straight in the top section, a condition which can be secured by taking the Sandow treatment.

A way in which men and women, in their millions, are constantly aggravating an already poisoned system is by introducing other poisons. It happens like this: not being "really ill," most of the never-really-well men and women feel that just a tonic—a pill—a magic pick-me-up, is all that is wanted; and they take it.

What are the results? A temporary "whip-up" of the system, and temporary partial recovery, and then "not up to the mark again." Inevitably more tonics follow—more pick-me-ups or more pills. And so, under the delusion that they are "doctoring" themselves, they slowly but surely become confirmed tonic-takers, and in the majority of cases self-poisoners of an already poisoned system.

Nervous disorders are among the most serious that threaten the peace and welfare of men and women; and in order that you may attach a true importance to this assertion you will do well to study Chart II., which shows the far-reaching effects of neurasthenia.

CHART II.



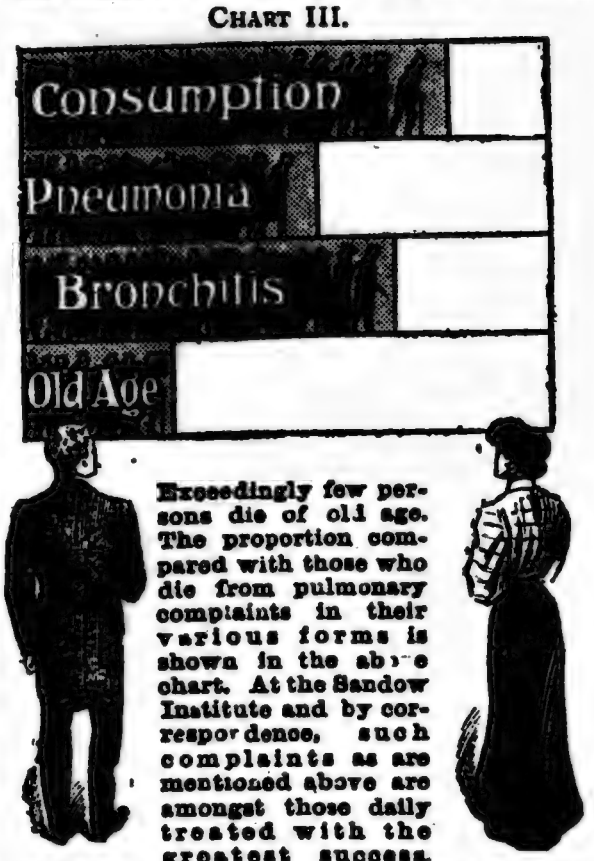
THE ROAD TO NERVOUS COLLAPSE.
The different effects of neglected nervous disorder in either man or woman depicted stage by stage until the final result is achieved. Any of the volumes mentioned herein which deal with nervous disorders will show how they may be prevented and cured by scientific exercise.

Now study Chart III. It shows you the terrible proportion of deaths from consumption and pulmonary complaints to deaths from natural causes. It will help you to understand the magnitude of the risk you run if you neglect the first symptoms of a weak chest.

But this Chart, despite its note of alarm, should come with a promise of great hope to the 20,000,000 people who are always unnecessarily suffering ill-health.

And although you are ill and ailing now, you can be made as strong and vigorous as the healthiest man or woman alive. The Sandow System of Scientific Exercise cures 94 in every 100 cases treated, and gives substantial relief in 99 in every 100 cases. Surely the treatment which records so high a percentage of successful results is worthy of investigation by every man or woman in ill-health, particularly as there is no charge for inquiry, which can be made either by calling at or writing to the Sandow Institute, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., for a gratis copy of the particular volume in the Sandow Illustrated Health Library (given below) which deals with your illness or condition.

CHART III.



Exceedingly few persons die of old age. The proportion compared with those who die from pulmonary complaints in their various forms is shown in the above chart. At the Sandow Institute and by correspondence, such complaints as are mentioned above are amongst those daily treated with the greatest success. Particulars of the treatment are given in the books mentioned below, copies of which will be sent free to all who apply for them.

Arrangements have been made for everyone, whether resident in London, the country, or the Colonies, who does not enjoy perfect health, to receive without any charge an explanatory illustrated booklet describing the medicineless cure of illness, and an individual letter upon the case.

The Titles of the Books on Health mentioned are:—

1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia.
2. Constipation and its Cure.
3. Liver Troubles.
4. Nervous Disorders in Men.
5. Nervous Disorders in Women.
6. Obesity in Men.
7. Obesity in Women.
8. Heart Affections.
9. Lung and Chest Complaints.
10. Rheumatism and Gout.
11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure.
12. Kidney Disorder: Functional and Chronic.
13. Lack of Vigour.
14. Physical Deformities in Men.
15. Physical Deformities in Women.
16. Functional Defects in Speech.
17. Circulatory Disorders.
18. Skin Disorders.
19. Physical Development for Men.
20. Everyday Health.
21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.
22. Figure Culture for Women.
23. Insomnia.
24. Neurasthenia.

Those whose nervous systems are not what they might be should also not fail to secure an opinion.

Weak hearts, weak backs, curved spines, obesity, uric acid complications, weak chests, and other physical deficiencies, indeed, too many illnesses to name here, can be remedied by scientific exercises.

There will be no charge whatever made for either the booklet or opinion as to the suitability of their cases for medicineless treatment, nor any obligation to adopt the advice given.

In order to take advantage of this arrangement, which is open to readers of any age, or to parents on behalf of their children, it is only necessary to call at the Sandow Institute or write, mentioning "John Bull," naming the book required, fully describing your health requirements, and giving age, occupation, etc., to Mr. Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

LAW, CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.

WHY A SEARCHING ENQUIRY IS ADVISABLE.

For some months past we have advised readers who have consulted us not to do business with this Corporation and we are glad to know that we have saved several from losing money. The position of the company, as disclosed at the private meeting held recently, is at once deplorable and disgraceful. Since then, there has been an application for its compulsory winding-up to which Mr. Justice Neville has assented.

At the extraordinary general meeting, Sir Henry Cotton said that the total deficit on the year's accounts is estimated at over £62,000, and that the total liabilities come to £300,000, against which has to be placed £160,000 of uncalled capital. Sir Henry told the meeting that the bulk of the losses has been due to the marine business recently undertaken by the Company, as to which the General Manager had assured the board that "It was the best business which they were doing." But what is to be said of the competence of a board of directors which was ready to assume that the marine business to be got for the Law, Car and General was the best insurance business they could hope to get? It is notorious that for several years past marine insurance has been one of the most unsatisfactory departments of insurance, and that many underwriters are continuing business for the sole reason that if they ceased no premiums would be coming in to meet claims upon old policies. Sir Henry says that the ultimate loss on such policies alone amounts to £100,000, but the board had been "wholly unaware" of the magnitude of these marine transactions. He says, too—and this is a very important point—that, at the time of the last general meeting, the directors did not know the real state of affairs—"they had no reason to change their opinion of the position of the company until the spring of 1910." Well, in the spring of 1910 the public were invited to subscribe for 60,000 £1 ordinary shares at a premium of 10s. each, and on this appeal they actually got from the public over £60,000. Does Sir Henry Cotton say that at the time these shares were allotted the Board had no inkling of the real state of affairs, and if they had, how does he justify allotment?

The actual number of shares subscribed upon the March issue was 45,212, and the public were told that the money was mainly obtained for the purpose of "adding to the existent classes that of life insurance, of which the Managing Director possesses a long experience," and investors were reminded that it was necessary to lodge £20,000 before this business could be commenced. But, as a matter of fact, no life insurance has been considered by the Corporation.

The Managing Director, Mr. C. G. Fowler, is said to have assured the board that 40 per cent. profit could be made out of marine insurance. Perhaps Mr. C. G. Fowler's statement is less surprising, having regard to the circumstances in which it was made, than its ready acceptance by the directors, but it was a wicked statement. In 1908, the marine losses amounted to £9,000; in 1909, they amounted to £54,000. Sir Henry Cotton says that the total loss under this head is £100,000. We have reason to believe that it is over £142,000.

Although the Company suffered ruinous losses from marine insurance business, some persons connected with it were in clover. £9,000 was spent in special commissions, which went into a channel or channels not unconnected with a person or persons highly placed in the company.

The General Manager had a salary of £1,000 a year and 1 per cent. of the total premium income of the Corporation. In these circumstances it is not, perhaps, surprising that the premium income went up a good deal quicker than sound management would have allowed it to do, and so we find that, whilst in 1907 it amounted to only £68,000, in 1909 it had risen to over £367,000.

The balance sheet made up to September 30th, 1909, and distributed not very long before the call for new capital, shows assets to the extent of £261,312, but the Advisory Committee discovered that £15,000 for re-insurance had been omitted, and that £30,000 was locked up in securities of a very unsatisfactory character. During the period covered by the balance sheet, the payments actually exceeded receipts by £8,771, and, to make up the balance, £8,000 was brought forward from the previous year, to which was added the premium on the issued shares.

THE END AND THE BEGINNING.

By Richard Morton.

Down in the squalid depths of a poverty-stricken cellar, on a decrepit iron bedstead, scarcely covered by a single ragged blanket, the old man lay dying. And he seemed glad to die.

His eyes took no note of his sordid surroundings, sickness had no terrors for him; he was worn out and he knew it; and it would be a relief to go from this world into the next. He only awaited the signal to depart; the look in his eyes was one of supplication directed to the doctor who sat at his side, an eloquent prayer that the man of medicine might be moved to expedite the end, to set the clock forward, and to free the imprisoned soul before the allotted and appointed hour.

But the doctor knew that such a thing would be so unprofessional. It was not to be thought of. The man must die, that was certain, but not till his hour had come. A death-bed is almost the only thing that cannot be hurried in this age of speed.

On the other side of the ramshackle bed sat the nurse; a stout, comfortable-looking woman, not old, and certainly not young—the kind of woman who never does grow old.

The doctor hummed and ha'd now and again, for the uneventful minutes that went so slowly were getting on his nerves, of iron as they were. He tugged at his aggressive forelock musingly as the sick man turned over and sighed.

"Be patient," he said, softly—it is wonderful how tender and gentle and kind such a gaunt, forbidding man can be. "Be patient. Your trials will soon be over."

"If there's anything I can do—" began the nurse.

"Nothing," croaked the dying man.

"Nothing," echoed the doctor. "You have done all that you could do. You have been good to him in the past. The future is not for you."

He looked up at the sand glass he carried. The grains were nearly run out. He drew his coarse brown cloak around him and shivered. "It is cold," he said, "but it is always cold at midnight. And it is near midnight now."

The nurse laid her cool hand on the forehead of the dying man. "The sweat is there," she whispered.

"Yes," said the old doctor, "that was to be expected."

He looked again at his sand-glass, and, as he looked, the last few grains of sand trickled down in a sudden scurry.

The man on the bed stirred slightly, gasped—there was a rattle in his throat—and the kindly old nurse drew the thin blanket over his ashen face as the bells from a score of steeples clashed out their welcome to a New Year. For the Old Year was dead.

A hag came in, a brown, weather-beaten hag with eager, greedy eyes and grasping fingers. It was her mission to take charge of the remains. As she entered, the doctor and the nurse stole silently away. They were the last of his friends.

The doctor was Father Time. The nurse was Dame Nature. The dead man was the Old Year. The hag now in charge of him was Mother Earth.

* * * * *

Outside the door of the room, in the dark passage-way, the doctor knew that the nurse was weeping, weeping softly.

"Be of good cheer," he said; "it is as it is written. The years are taken, and only you and I are left. Such is our destiny. We are, and always will be. The Old Year is dead, but you need not repine. The light is coming."

Even as he spoke the dark passage was illuminated by faint, beautiful rays. They grew brighter and more radiant. The sound of a fresh, childish voice, raised in jubilant song, came ringing from above, and down the glorified staircase tripped a lovely boy.

The brightness was of him and around him. A joyous smile was on his lips, a welcome in his eye. He seemed like a young god of Hope.

Father Time turned his sand-glass again.

Dame Nature doubted no more.

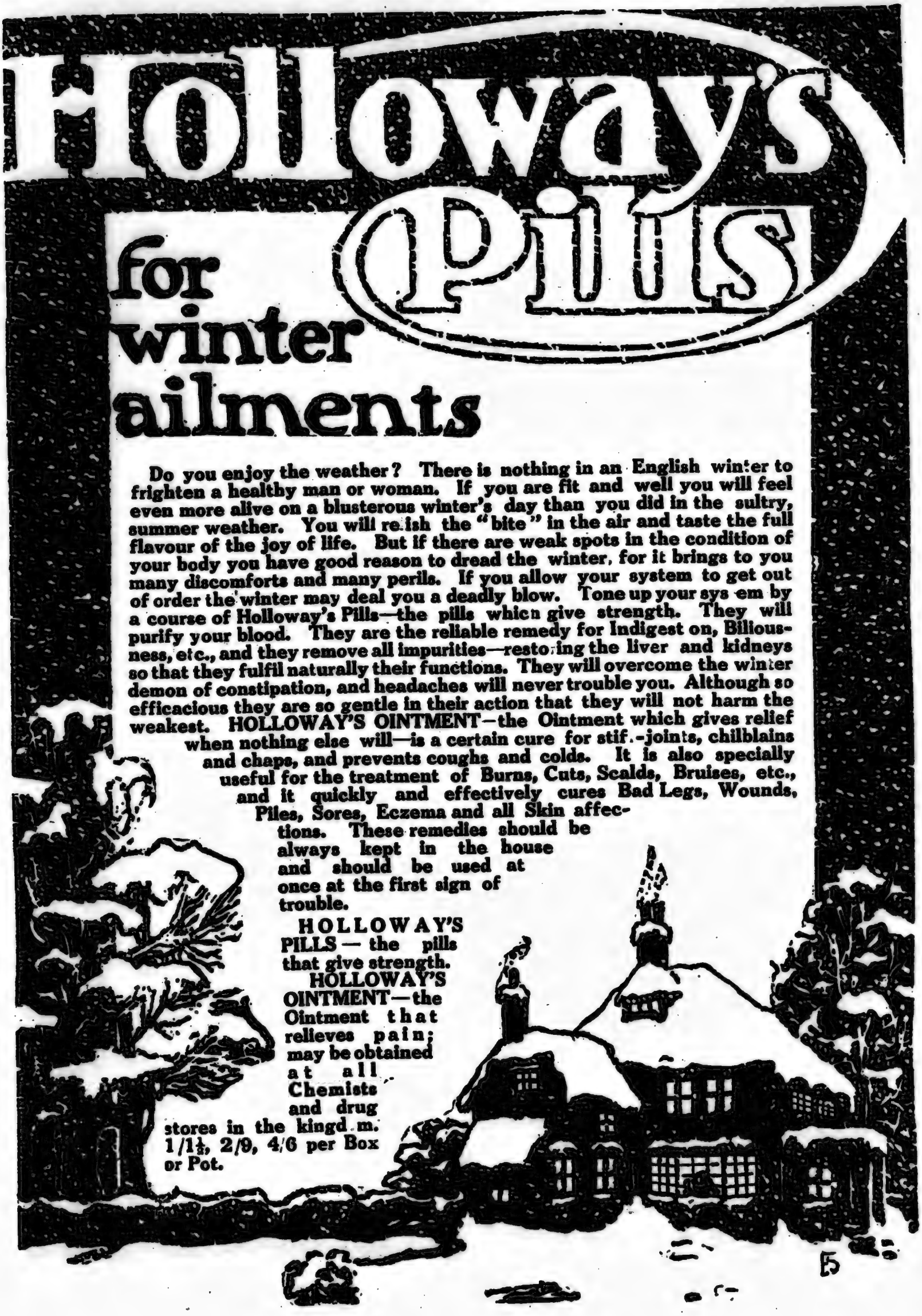
Together they advanced towards the newcomer and, bowing low, saluted the glad, young New Year.

Holloway's Pills for winter ailments

Do you enjoy the weather? There is nothing in an English winter to frighten a healthy man or woman. If you are fit and well you will feel even more alive on a blusterous winter's day than you did in the sultry, summer weather. You will relish the "bite" in the air and taste the full flavour of the joy of life. But if there are weak spots in the condition of your body you have good reason to dread the winter, for it brings to you many discomforts and many perils. If you allow your system to get out of order the winter may deal you a deadly blow. Tone up your system by a course of Holloway's Pills—the pills which give strength. They will purify your blood. They are the reliable remedy for Indigestion, Biliousness, etc., and they remove all impurities—restoring the liver and kidneys so that they fulfil naturally their functions. They will overcome the winter demon of constipation, and headaches will never trouble you. Although so efficacious they are so gentle in their action that they will not harm the weakest. HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT—the Ointment which gives relief when nothing else will—is a certain cure for stiff-joints, chilblains and chaps, and prevents coughs and colds. It is also specially useful for the treatment of Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Bruises, etc., and it quickly and effectively cures Bad Legs, Wounds, Piles, Sores, Eczema and all Skin affections. These remedies should be always kept in the house and should be used at once at the first sign of trouble.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS — the pills that give strength.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT—the Ointment that relieves pain; may be obtained at all Chemists and drug stores in the kingdom. 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6 per Box or Pot.



OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS.

To His Majesty the Mikado of Japan.

YOUR MAJESTY,—As the representative of a country allied with your Majesty in defensive arms, I may be permitted to express my regret that, in so progressive a civilisation as that of Japan, it should be possible to put any of your Majesty's subjects to a form of trial consistent only with the methods of barbarism. The charge against a Dr. Kotoku and twenty-five other "socialists" is that they have been engaged in a plot against your Majesty and the Imperial Family; and they are to be tried for their lives, with the doors closed against the public, and with no right of appeal. And there is danger that those counsel associating with the accused for the purposes of legal defence will be embarrassed, if not imperilled, in their duty. My purpose is that of suggesting to you, as my ally, that a fair, open trial of the accused by ordinary law would be more congenial to ideas of right and justice.

JOHN BULL.

To the Lord Bishop of Southwell, Notts.

MY LORD BISHOP,—No one should know better than you the duty of guarding the lips. "The firste vertue sone if thou wilt lere is to restreine and kepen wel thy tonge," says old Chaucer. This applies to Bishops as to other people. I agree that there is a great deal of indiscriminate charity at Christmas. What I do not agree with is the language in which you stated the fact. "My experience in London," you are reported to have said, "taught me that Christmas week is nothing but a debauch upon charity, and to my Nonconformist brethren I say the only way to do good is to get revolvers and shoot down any religious philanthropists who come this way. The whole district is degraded by these people who think they are doing good."

If I thought your lordship literally meant what you said, it would be my painful duty to call the attention of His Majesty's Commissioners in Lunacy to the fact that you were at large. I am not quite clear what you did mean, but I am convinced you had no intention of recommending that all the Charitarians should be killed in order that all the Religionists should be hanged. Next time your lordship decorates your platform oratory with figures of speech, it will be a convenience if you label them as you proceed, for in this way misunderstanding will be avoided. After all, my Lord Bishop, indiscriminate charity—or charity of *any* kind—is the least of human faults, especially at Christmas time.

JOHN BULL.

To the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,—I think it is a matter for regret that the motion of Alderman Bartlett for the promotion of a Bill in Parliament to regulate processions was outvoted in the Council. As you are aware, the Bill was drafted on the suggestion of the Government Commissioner who recently inquired into the riots, fomented by contending religious factions, which have so long disturbed the peace of your city. I have no doubt whatever that some such Bill is the only possible remedy for constant collisions of hostile local religious bodies, or at any rate of bodies professing religion. There are, I know, in the Church Hymnal some inspiring verses beginning "Onward, Christian Soldiers, marching as to war," but I cannot suppose that these words were ever intended to be taken literally, especially as applied to other Christian soldiers also on the march. The business of the City Council, sir, is to preserve the streets of Liverpool from disorder, ruffianism, and riot, and I cannot perceive any difference in its obligation whether those who provoke a breach of the peace are the hooligans of professed religion or the hooligans of unredeemed depravity.

That being the case, I venture to think that the Liverpool Watch Committee would use the proposed special powers only in the true interests of public order. Beyond doubt, sir, the City Council have made a grave blunder which sooner or later they may have lamentable occasion to regret.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Carnegie, Everywhere.

GOLDEN SIR,—You do enjoy making a splash with your money, don't you? But how is it going to ensure international peace any more than universal libraries? Never mind, you have secured another fine advertisement, and if you go on pegging away you might soon come to be regarded as quite a philanthropist.

JOHN BULL.

To the Reverends William Sinclair (Chairman) and F. B. Meyer (Vice-Chairman) of the National Council of Public Morals.

GOOD SIRS,—What is this strange society of yours? Of course, we are all in favour of morals, both public and private. But how do you expect to promote them by taking a room in Holborn and talking about matters which you really do not understand? By the way, what is the subscription? Mrs. Grundy and I might like to join.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir William Wedderburn, Bombay.

DEAR SIR,—What are you doing out there besides dining and speechifying, and why has the Indian community given you so remarkable a reception? I am not aware that you have rendered any very special services to India, and I fail to see what opportunities you will have of rendering any in the future. However, if it pleases you and amuses the Indians, far be it from me to grumble.

JOHN BULL.

To Master Harold Sidney Walter Francis, of Biggleswade.

ENLIGHTENED YOUTH,—I always said that childhood suffrage would come. Children are in need of protection.

Well, you will always be recognised as the pioneer of this new movement, and are to be congratulated on having taken your part in a historic election by voting at the ripe age of four. All the same, it was rather careless of the officials to allow your name to appear on the register, and there might have been serious cause for grumbling if your vote had happened to turn the scale. However, you have had your excitement and no harm has been done.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. M'Mahon, Poor Law Guardian, Ennistymon Union, Co. Clare.

SIR,—The remarks you made at the last meeting of the Guardians with reference to poor Nurse Roden, then lying cold in death, were to my mind almost heartless in their cruelty.

The nurse had left the Mater Misericordiae Hospital at Dublin to tend the typhus fever patients in the workhouse hospital, and at last she caught the infection and died. That being the case, I wonder you were not touched to the heart, not only by the sense of her loss, but by the sense of her sacrifice; and yet when some of the Guardians proposed to pay the expenses of her funeral you opposed the motion. "It was her duty to sacrifice her life," you said. "She was paid for her services here." It is callous mental brutality to talk of payment in such a case, sir. Is money, and especially the little of it she received from the ratepayers of your Union in wages, payment for the sacrifice of a young life for the sake of others?

I can tell you, sir, if you don't know, that there are things you cannot estimate in money wages, that you cannot pay for in money wages, and devotion, sacrifice, love are among those things. Pay all you can, exhaust the wealth of all the millionaires, and you will still be owing for them; pay till your dying day, man, and the account will remain unsettled at the Judgment. I am thankful there were colleagues with a higher and a better thought than yours. Go to your priest and let him instruct you.

He may tell you the story of Father Damien. In any case, sir, read it and know what sacrifice is; and when you have read it, and are willing to risk your life for money wages—come to me, and I will tell you where to go and what to do.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Bentley, Leopold's Buildings, Bethnal Green, E.

DEAR MADAM,—What words can I find to tell you how deeply I grieve in your grief? As the widow of a murdered hero, who gave birth to that hero's son between the hour of his awful death and the sound of his passing bell, you stand upon so supreme an altitude of sorrow that those of us who know nothing like it, hardly dare approach you with condolences. I can but tell you, as others have already done, that the hearts of all the people of England went out to you in your hour of anguish, and that we shall all watch for news of that dear little boy who came into such a heritage of sorrow, yet such a splendid inheritance in a gallant father's memory. Good wishes to him and to you.

JOHN BULL.

"RING OUT THE OLD."

"'BRAZEN' BELLS! OH, THE JANGLING AND THE WRANGLING OF THE BELLS!"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Owing to the intervening holidays, I have not much to say on current business, and I address myself, therefore, chiefly to the investor with various selections of securities. A few days more and we shall be able to decide as to whether the much-talked-of revival in stocks and shares will have a fair start in the New Year. With the aid of the tables which I have compiled, my readers will then be able to at once act in the markets, after having come to a conclusion as to the section to which to give the preference—*Home Rails, Home Industrials,* or *Foreign Government* and *Railway Stocks—Kaffir Shares,* with their big dividends still contained in the prices, or *Rhodesian Mines,* which are assuming a very lively appearance.

The Yield of Home Rails.—Tempting Propositions.

I return again to the question of Home Railway stocks, the demand for which has slackened somewhat, in view of the now imminent end of the year, so that prices have eased off here and there. If this movement should keep on, that would give another opportunity for making good purchases at a moderate price. Traffics continue to show substantial increases, and for the week ended December 11 the traffic receipts of 51 railways of the United-Kingdom amounted to £2,015,930, an increase of £41,496. The aggregate receipts for the past 23 weeks amounted to £52,777,468, so that the increase for the present half-year already amounts to £1,338,494. The following is a list of leading stocks, together with the present prices and the yields :—

	Dividend. 1909-10.	Highest. 1909-10.	Price. Oct. 31.	Price. Dec. 19.	Yield p.c per ann. £ s. d.
Central London	3	73	65	64	4 13 9
Great Central 1881 Pref. ..	5	107	105	105	4 15 3
Great Eastern	2½	69½	68	68	4 5 9
Great Northern Def.	1¾ (a)	52	49	51½	3 8 0
Hull and Barnsley	3½	71½	68	69	5 5 9
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	4	92½	89½	89½	4 9 9
L. and S. W. Ord.	6	142½	140	140	4 5 0
Brighton Ord.	5½	114	111	114	4 10 9
London, Til. and Southend ..	6½	125½	125	123	4 18 9
Metropolitan	1¾	45½	39	40	2 16 3
Midland Def.	3	65½	63	65	4 12 3
North Eastern	6	136	129	130½	4 12 9
Rhymney Ord.	9½	214	208	205	4 12 9
South Eastern Ord.	3	79½	78	79	3 16 0
North Western	6½	139	135½	137	4 11 9
Great Western	5½	127½	123	124	4 8 9

(a) for 1909.

These yields are based upon the dividends for the second half of 1909 and the current half of 1910, but as the above traffic increases show, there will be very considerable improvement in the profits for the current half-year, and therefore in the amount to be distributed, more especially by the *Great Western, North Western,* and *Midland,* the so-called "Heavy Lines," and these companies more especially have also made arrangements for reducing expenses by concluding working agreements with others. Without inflicting upon my readers the figures which have guided me in my calculations, I estimate the distribution on *North-Western* for the twelve months as ¼ higher, at 6½ per cent. Again the *Midland* has also done very well, and I look for at least 3¼ per cent. on the *Deferred,* which would mean a return of 5 per cent. per annum. The labour difficulties in Wales have interfered to some extent with the earnings of the *Great Western.* An increase in the annual dividend of ½ per cent. to 6 per cent. is in my opinion quite probable—which would mean a return of 4 13-16 per annum. All these, by the way, are conservative estimates. The *North-Eastern* has not a very large increase, owing to the shipbuilding strike, but as that is now being settled the traffic increases will doubtless make a fresh start. *Great Northern Deferred* and *Brighton "A"* are also stocks which promise well.

Industrials to Suit All Tastes—The Latest Features.

Thanks chiefly to the various specialities which have come to the front, the Miscellaneous Department has lately presented a more animated appearance than for some time past. I was amongst the first to direct attention to the possibilities of *Associated Cements,* but it requires some courage to purchase the Ordinary at the present price of 4⅛, in view of the fact that dividends are still some way off. In fact, a good many people are congratulating themselves that Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who is reported to have obtained control of the company, is now "carrying the baby" for them. Another feature has been the occasional outbursts in *Anglo "A,"* and it seems to be certain now that the *Western Union* has either acquired control of the *Anglo-American* or has entered into a working agreement with it. In any case, however, the independent *Commercial Cable Company* promises to be a thorn in the side of the *Western Union-Anglo Combine,* so that, to justify its present quotation of 28¾, the stock should at least be guaranteed a fairly good dividend. An unpleasant experience for some people, on the other hand, has been the petering-out of the boom in *Coats'.* The movement was only justified by the prospect of the capitalisation of a portion of the company's reserve, but as any such idea was absolutely scouted by the chairman at the recent meeting, the basis for a rise no longer exists, and the shares have consequently come down, almost without a break, from 14 to 11⅛. There can be no doubt but that the fall has badly hit many operators in Glasgow and the North, yet such *contretemps* must always be looked for in the case of Industrials, and the *Coats'* episode is hardly likely to spoil the appetite of those investors who have a decided *penchant* for such securities, always provided, of course, that they can get a satisfactory yield with fair safety. The following table should appeal to all tastes, but, of course, there is only room for a few selected securities in each class :—

	Dividend per cent.	Lowest, 1910.	Present Price.	Yield per cent. per annum. £ s. d.
Eng. Sew. Cotton 1st Mort. Deb.	4	97½	101	3 19 3
Salmon and Gluckstein ..	10	48/6	50/-	4 0 0
Armstrong, Sir W. G. ..	10	43/9	2½	4 6 6
Brunner Mond Cum. Pref. ..	7	16½	16¾	4 3 6
Fine Cotton Spinners Cm. Pf.	5	20/6	23/6	4 4 9
Vickers Non-Cum. Pref. ..	5	21/3	24/-	4 4 2
Assoc. Cement Deb.	4½	75¾	80	4 15 6
Jay's Cum. Pref.	5½	5	5⅛	4 15 9
Van den Berghs Cum. Pref.	6	5⅛	6⅛	4 14 0
Bolckow Vaughan	6	19/6	21/6	5 13 0
Anglo-Arg. Trams 1st Pref.	5	85/-	5	5 0 0
Lipton	6	20/-	24/-	5 7 6
Millar's Karri Pref. ..	6	17/6	22/-	5 9 9
Eley Bros.	12/-	5 11-16	9	6 13 4

The cardinal principle in making investments in speculative and semi-speculative securities is to spread the amount over as wide a field as possible, in order to minimise the risk and to obtain a good average yield. When it is also borne in mind that the higher the interest the greater the risk, further guidance on my part in making a suitable selection is hardly needed. In the above list I have purposely confined myself to stocks yielding up to 5½ per cent. per annum. There are, of course, plenty of other Industrial securities yielding up to 10 per cent. per annum and even more, but such holdings usually prove expensive luxuries in the long run.

Foreign Government Stocks on the Up-Grade—Reasons for their Growing Popularity.

Foreign Government securities afford to the investor in this country an opportunity of placing his money where it is not influenced by our Home politics—while most of these stocks are, moreover, dealt in on bearer warrants, which is, as my readers are aware, a considerable advantage from a certain point of view. Another point is that the yield of Foreign Government stocks is higher than that of the Home gilt-edged stocks, but there is a tendency amongst investors, owing to burdens of increased taxation, to sell these, and replace them by the higher-yielding, if somewhat more speculative, securities. The movement began when the interest on Consols was reduced from 2¾ per cent. to 2½ per cent., increased when the Colonial Stock Act threw that department open to trustees, and became still more marked when new loans on tempting terms were offered by Japan and other foreign countries. The result is expressed in the following comparative table of representative securities :—

	Lowest, 1901-2.	Interest p.c.	Present Prices.	Yield p.c. per ann. £ s. d.
Argentine, 1886-7	88	5	105	4 15 3
Brazil, 1888	64	4½	100	4 10 0
Bulgaria	78	6	105	5 14 3
Chilian, 1886	74	4½	98	4 12 0
Chinese, 1896	93	5	104	4 16 0
French Rente	93 (a)	3	98	5 1 3
German Imp.	79¾ (b)	3	84½	3 11 0
Japanese	88¾ (c)	4½	101⅝	4 8 9
Russian	68¾ (d)	4	96¾	4 3 0
Spanish	68¾	4	93	4 6 0
Turkish Unified	74¾ (e)	4	93	4 6 0
Uruguay	47	3½	74¾	4 14 0

(a) 1907. (b) 1908. (c) 1905. (d) 1906. (e) 1904.

It will be noticed from the above table that the improvement is least in French and German issues, for the same reasons as are operating in Consols, viz., comparatively low yield and increased taxation burdens. On the other hand, the advance is very marked in Russian securities, owing to the great improvement in the financial position of that Empire and the definite assurances that no more loans will be required for some time to come, while some of the old debts are being paid off, as well as purchases of later issues made in the open market. There has been a general levelling-up of leading South American loans, the yield on which does not now exceed 5 per cent. per annum, and it is a sign of the times that, for instance, the Argentine Government is able to place a line of no less than £4,000,000 Two-Year Treasury Bills in London and on the Continent at a price to give the buyers no more than 4½ per cent. per annum.

THE RISE IN JAPANESE LOANS, AS ANTICIPATED IN "JOHN BULL."

I recently pointed out, again, that Russian and Japanese Loans were likely to experience a considerable further rise, owing to the intention of these Governments to gradually refund some of their debts, and I have for a long time been recommending *Japanese* as an excellent investment, for the reason that Japanese finance is so scientifically managed that it is only a question of time when some of the loans will be paid off. I am glad to know, therefore, that many of my readers are large holders of *Japanese Loans*, and more especially the *4 and 4½ Per Cents.* Now comes the announcement that the Japanese Government has decided to devote a portion of the Sinking Fund to the redemption of the foreign debt, and the amount to be so applied next year is about a million sterling. The *4½ Per Cent. Loans* are to be first taken in hand, which explains the remarkable strength of these. Hitherto, the Sinking Fund has been devoted entirely to the redemption of the internal debt, but that was a very good indication that the foreign debt would also be taken in hand, and I take credit to myself for having been one of those who read the signs of the times at an early date. On the announcement, all the *Japanese Loans* have further improved, and we now have *Japanese 4 Per Cent. 1889*, at 94½, as compared with 92¾ a year ago; the *4½ Per Cent. First Series* at 101¼, against 99 a year ago; and *Second Series* at 101½, against 98¾ a year ago. I should think the *4 Per Cents.* will gradually rise to par, as it is well known that the Japanese Government proposes to refund its loans finally on a 4 per cent. basis, and for that purpose it will have to raise the price of the existing *4 Per Cent. Loans.*

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS—SELECTIONS OF HIGH-CLASS SHARES, WITH YIELD BASED ON THE NEW DIVIDENDS.

In last week's issue I gave the major part of the dividends announced for the current half-year of the leading Rand gold-producing mines, and, as the remaining distributions have now also been declared, I am enabled to publish a list of selected mines, with the dividends for the whole year of 1910, basing the yield per annum on the new dividends. I have also added the estimated life:—

	Dividend for 1910 p.c.	Estimated Life (Years).	Price, Dec. 31, 1909.	Present Price.	Yield p.c.(b). £ s. d.
WERNHER BEIT GROUP—					
Crown Mines (10/-)	120	50	8 1-16	8 1-16	7 19 9
Durban Roodepoort	55	10	2¾	3¼	17 12 0
Ferreira Deep	55	15	5¾	4 15-16	11 5 9
Geldenhuis Deep	35	20	3¾	3¾	9 3 1
New Heriot	80	14	6¾	5¼	16 17 0
New Modder (£4)	37½	35	11¾	11¾	3 19 10
Nourse Mines	22½	25	3	2¾	8 12 9
Robinson Gold (£5)	30	12	10	9¾	15 13 9
Rose Deep	40	25	4 7-16	4	10 0 0
ROBINSON GROUP—					
Langlaagte Est.	30	30	2¾	2¾	10 16 6
Randfontein South	15	50	—	2¼	7 1 6
Randfontein Central	30 (a)	50	—	2¾	10 17 3
GOLDFIELDS GROUP—					
Knights Deep	30	12	2 13-16	2¾	10 5 6
Simmer and Jack	20	15	1¾	1 19-32	12 11 0
BARNATO GROUP—					
New Primrose	60	8	2 7-16	2 11-16	14 19 9
Witwaters (Knights)	35	10	3 13-16	3¼	10 15 3
NEUMANN GROUP—					
Witwaters Deep	50	16	5¼	4¾	10 19 3
ALBU GROUP—					
Meyer and Charlton	40	14	3¾	4 1-16	9 18 0
Van Ryn	45	14	4¾	4 9-16	10 1 6

(a) Estimated. (b) In this column no allowance is made for estimated length of life.

It will be seen that excellent returns are to be obtained, even though in some cases—such as Crown Mines—dividends have been slightly reduced. It is probable, however, that in this instance the distribution will be increased again. The *New Modderfontein* has this time improved its dividend, and will no doubt further raise it now that the expenditure for additional reduction plant has been liquidated. The *Rose Deep* has reduced its distribution somewhat, but the reason is that it has taken over the Glen Deep, which will give it a longer life. My readers will understand that in the case of mines with short lives it is necessary to make some kind of provision, by setting aside a portion of the large dividends. In the case of the *Robinson Group*, the *Langlaagte Estate* is doing remarkably well, paying 30 per cent. now, while the distribution may yet be increased. The *Randfontein South* has improved its dividend to 15 per cent.—the component mines used to pay only 10 per cent.—and it is hoped that a 20 per cent. dividend will be received next year. As to the *Randfontein Central*, it is now ready for crushing, with a huge battery of 900 stamps (the largest on the Rand), and it is expected that it will pay at least 30 per cent. for the next 50 years, being a virgin mine. The *Simmer and Jack* is one of the mines which have had to reduce their dividend somewhat, while, on the other hand, the *New Primrose* continues to do remarkably well. Unfortunately, the life of the mine is rather short, but the yield is nearly 15 per cent. per annum. The *Van Ryn* is an excellent mine and doing well, and so is the *Meyer and Charlton*.

TIN *v.* COPPER.

It is really surprising that our American cousins have not yet conceived the idea of cornering Tin, while they are ever busy manipulating Copper—which is much more difficult to handle, as the production and stocks are so much larger. The visible supply of Copper for Europe is at present 85,000 tons, and the stock in America 58,210 tons, while the production of Copper is about 850,000 to 875,000 tons per annum. Now take Tin, with a production of little more than 100,000 tons and a visible supply of 20,000 tons, more than one-third of which is stored in London. Why, even at the present price of £174 per ton, £3,000,000 to £4,000,000 would buy up the whole visible supply. The reason for the predilection of Americans for Copper is, of course, to be found in the fact that they produce half the supply of that metal, while they are mourning their fate in not being able to produce either Diamonds or Tin. Some large Continental operators, however, are carrying on a big gamble in Tin, and they have been very fortunate, in view of the ever-increasing demand and the falling-off in production. The shallow deposits in the Malay States are giving out, the Bolivian mines are difficult of access, Australia and the Dutch East Indies are producing less, and the world is now looking to Nigeria for a fresh supply—for it cannot do without Tin, with its multifarious uses. Nor is it possible to recover Tin, as is done with some of the used-up Copper. Verily, the fortunate owner or discoverer of a good Tin mine in a district easy to be got to, would have the whole promoting fraternity after him! Nor is £177 the last word for Tin. With the growing demand for the United States (U.S.A. Tin imports in eleven months, 1910, 41,543 tons, against 33,972 tons for the whole year 1907), the Syndicate might be able to push up the price to £200 per ton. Yet even £100 must pay handsomely for mining.

PRESTEA BLOCK "A" *v.* PRESTEA MINES.

I am sorry to say that my information with regard to the position of the negotiations between these two companies is most unsatisfactory. It is to the effect that the Prestea Mines are again to be victimised by having their terms with the Prestea Block "A" further reduced. In the circumstances, I have again to impress upon my readers who are interested in the matter that a proposal has been made to altogether abrogate the terms upon which, under an option from the Prestea Mines for two years from July 30, 1909, the Prestea Block "A" was to acquire the assets of the Prestea Mines, including any cash but excluding any shares held in other companies, for the sum of £237,904, payable by the allotment of 118,952 fully-paid shares of the Prestea Block "A," Ltd., at the price of £2 per share, with the proviso that if the quoted price of the shares of the Prestea Block "A," Ltd., was under £2 per share at the date on which the option was exercised the difference was to be payable in cash to the Prestea Mines. As I stated in the issue of the 17th inst., it is now proposed in certain quarters that instead of the Block "A" shares being reckoned at £2 per share for adjusting the difference payable in cash, the Prestea Mines are to be satisfied with receiving the Block "A" shares, with a small cash payment, variously given at either 9d. or 3s. per share. This is altogether absurd. The Prestea Block "A" cannot do without the Prestea Mines, the latter, in fact, being by far the richer property, and nothing ought to be changed in the terms of this option. Moreover, it should be distinctly stated that the shareholdings of the Prestea Mines are altogether excluded from the arrangement, as the Prestea, Mines, Ltd., has a large holding in the adjoining Anfargah property, which is also proving very valuable. I appealed in the issue of December 17 to the directors of the Prestea Mines, Ltd., not to allow any injustice to be done to their company. It is true that the two companies have the same chairman, Mr. Edmund Davis, but the following directors of the Prestea Mines are in no way connected with the Prestea Block "A," viz., Colonel F. B. Lousada, C.B., Mr. J. C. Sanderson, Mr. E. W. Janson, and Mr. H. White. A grave responsibility attaches to them to see that their own shareholders are fairly treated, and I again call upon them to resist any pressure, and to strike out in case of need an independent policy. A number of shareholders in the Prestea Mines, Ltd., have communicated with me, and I now ask all other shareholders to do so, when one of the largest shareholders will take the matter in hand for mutual protection against what would seem to be a most unjustified encroachment upon their rights. Curiously enough, a rise has now taken place in Prestea Block "A" to 34s., and in Prestea Mines to 9s., but this should in no way prevent the action of the Prestea Mines shareholders, who ought to unite in a vigorous protest.

INCREASING CHILLAGOE PROFITS.

A few weeks ago I drew attention to the steady increase in the net earnings of the *Chillagoe and Etheridge Railway*, which are now going on at the rate of £90,000 per annum profit. Now we have a highly satisfactory monthly return from the smelters, as per the following cable:—"For the four weeks ended the 9th December furnaces at work equalled one furnace for 81 days. Treated 3,231 tons of copper ore, 1,984 tons lead ore, and 1,024 tons copper lead ore for a production of 345 tons of blister copper and 312 tons of lead bullion, containing 339 tons of copper 305 tons of lead, 63,907 ozs. of silver, and 996 ozs. of gold." The company is evidently making rapid progress, and it is not surprising to find that the shares which had been thrown on the market here are being rapidly absorbed, the price being up again at 6s. As they are worth at least 10s., they are an excellent lock-up.

BRIGHTON "A" AND DOVER "A."

I have received some flattering communications from readers who bought *Brighton "A"* on my advice, and who have now profits of from 5 to 8 points to take, the quotation having risen to 98½. They now ask whether they should take their profits, and what I think of *Dover "A."* It is more than probable that *Brighton "A"* will have a further rise in the New Year, as a dividend of 5 per cent. is looked for, but in such cases I always say, "No one was even ruined by taking profits." With reference to *Dover "A,"* the Stock Exchange is very much in favour of a further rise. They have come down from 120, at which they were quoted in 1897. They touched 27 in 1908, and now are rising at 40½. Various bull points are being trotted out, such as the Kent Collieries, the Reading-Redhill Line, etc., and it would not be at all surprising to see a further rise, although it is hardly likely that they will see even a small dividend this time.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 8, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

NEW ZEALAND MINE.—SOLID SUSSEX.—Even after the decline, I cannot advise purchase of these shares. You can do far better in the sound Kaffir dividend-payers, as to which you will gather full information in this issue.

DEPOSIT.—C. H. F. (Tonbridge).—Deposits rank first, and must be paid off in full unless the company goes into liquidation. In the circumstances, you would be well advised to withdraw the money, and place it into securities, as to which there is no doubt as to safety.

FOREIGN RAILS.—B. F. C.—(1) These Colombian Railway Debentures are in default, and I should not like to say when payment of interest will be resumed, although matters in Colombia look more promising now. (2) One of the best Argentine Rails, which should be held. (3) A second-rate holding, and you should take your profit. In future, do not act on advice from outside concerns.

MYSORE GOLD.—NIXON.—No special reason has transpired for the fall, which may have been caused by realisations from the north, where they usually throw out mines at this time of the year. The directors, however, ought to make a statement on the position, and I should advise you to write to the Secretary on the subject. You might let me know his answer, so that I can judge whether the matter should be pursued any further.

PNEUMATIC (1910).—BOUNDER.—No information has been published as to how the company is progressing, and it is certainly time that the directors issued a statement regarding the position. You should combine with other shareholders, in order to extract it from the board.

LIPTON PREFS.—NOVICE.—I send what you ask for. The present market price is 1 to 1 1-16, and you should obtain the lower of the two figures.

INVESTMENTS.—(1) Ask the firm, and they will at once inform you. (2) You can go further and fare worse, especially in such highly speculative enterprises as music hall shares. Lyons and Imperial Tobaccos, however, are on a better footing. (3) See answer to No. 2.

VARIOUS.—ALLOY OIL.—(1) Sell if you can get a "turn" on them. (2) Yes, a good speculative holding. (3) You can get plenty of hints from my article; perhaps United Sumatra would suit you. (4) This has been sent.

OIL SHARES.—W. S. C. (Chester); G. B. V.—The people who make such attacks usually have their own axes to grind, and in this case they have been effectively replied to by the directors. The shares have gone down with the rest of the Oil market, but any revival would obviously help them. No option but to hold for the present. R. W. G.—First of all, you should not have bought shares through these people, and, secondly, not in the concern in question. If you cannot get anything definite out of them, you had better consult a solicitor.

RUBBERS.—SHAREHOLDER.—All rubbers are more or less depressed at present, and it could scarcely be hoped that any particular share would escape the contagion. Hold, but do not average until, at any rate, the market takes a turn for the better. CAMPHOR.—This is a Mexican concern, which is expected to commence producing next year, but there is no market for the shares at present. The offices are at 75, Coleman Street, London, E.C., and you should write to the Secretary, insisting upon a definite reply about the certificates, or threatening to put the matter into a solicitor's hands.

LOW-PRICED SHARES.—COCOA.—There is, of course, always a possibility of a general rise in the various mining sections, carrying your particular shares up with them. The latter, however, are by no means of the first rank, and you should take an opportunity to realise all or some on any improvement, and re-invest in more promising shares. You can gain plenty of useful hints from my articles.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—GREENLAW.—There have been no complaints with regard to this firm, but my standing rule is to advise dealing only through members of the Stock Exchange. You will find it more satisfactory in the long run. SPINK.—See previous reply to "Greenlaw." If you mean Brighton A, yes; but you have left it very late. T. R.—Home Rails are all right for a temporary or permanent investment, as you will see from my article, but I strongly advise you not to have anything to do with the outside brokers in question. You will only lose your money. As regards the Steel option, I do not think that you will make anything out of that. ANXIOUS SUBSCRIBER.—Why did you go into these deals with McKinley, Alexander and Sons? You say they owe you now £62, but I am afraid that you will not get your money. So far, at least, they have been able to keep their creditors at bay, and if the matter goes into the Bankruptcy Court, I should think there would be nothing. I cannot recommend any particular firm of solicitors. The documents are returned. JIM (Northampton).—I note that you are being badly treated by Hessell, Gould and Company, stock and share dealers, of 66, Victoria Street, London, S.W. You sent them £1, and they informed you that £3 7s. 6d. is due to you, but they don't settle. This is precisely what you may expect with such outside brokers. In future, deal only with a member of the Stock Exchange. FOOTSOARD.—No, I do not recommend dealing with Duncan Forbes and Company, of 49, London Wall, E.C., nor, in fact, with any outside brokers. As regards Duncan Forbes and Company, I do not like their system. One point alone is most unsatisfactory. They put in their circulars that the profits are payable on demand, but they do not keep to this, and object to closing the stock when requested to do so. R. L. L. (Glasgow).—I regret to hear that you cannot obtain from E. Donnithorne and Company, outside brokers, of 30, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C., the amount which you claim. I am interested, however, to hear that you made the money owing to a tip of Brighton "A," in MRS. BULL. I am surprised that you have transactions with complete strangers like these. I have been every week warning my readers not to have anything to do with such individuals, and yet people will insist on dealing with them, instead of members of the Stock Exchange, who would treat them well.

HOME RAILS.—A. M. (Dornoch).—Yes, put the money into the Home Railway stocks in question, which get a fixed return. The firm in question will carry out the business for you. In view of recent experiences, do not put the money on deposit with the concerns you mention.

£1,200 INVESTMENT.—W. R. (Herts).—Always remembering that the bigger the return the greater the risk, the following list of securities should suit you:—Irish 3 per Cent. stock, at 88½; London County 3 per Cent., at 85½; Western Australian 3½ per Cent., at 96½; Argentine 4 per Cent. bonds, at 90; Japanese 4 per Cent. Sterling Loan, at 94; Brighton Railway 6 per Cent. Preferred, at 132; South-Western Railway 4 per Cent. Preferred, at 95; Great Central 5 per Cent. Preference, 1881, at 105; Grand Trunk Guaranteed 4 per Cent., at 93.

SCOTTISH BANK SHARES.—NUTHALL.—You might write to the Secretary of the bank itself, but you would probably find it more satisfactory to deal through a stockbroker—a member of either the Glasgow or the Edinburgh Stock Exchanges. As far as I am aware, the institution is a prosperous one, but there are no transactions in the shares in London.

UTILISING WASTE MATERIAL.—T. F. F.—I note that the waste material, the utilisation of which you have discovered, is an earthy matter, producing large quantities of illuminating gas, petroleum, naptha, sulphide of ammonia, and other by-products. I cannot help you myself for the moment, but in the meantime, perhaps one of the readers of JOHN BULL who may see this would be prepared to furnish the money for making the necessary experiments, with a view to joining you.

MOLESWORTH BROTHERS RUBBER ESTATES.—CLYDESIDE.—This is mere twaddle, and you should disregard statements coming from such a source. I confirm the remarks in last week's article, which you should read. The matter will now be followed up.

FOREIGN LOTTERIES.—S. D. (Dublin).—I cannot help you in the case of foreign lotteries, which are illegal in this country. The lotteries themselves are mostly fairly conducted under the various Governments, but many of the intermediaries are very shady.

FARROW'S BANK.—F. W. (Southend-on-Sea).—Perfectly safe and conducted upon sound lines.

WEST AFRICAN MINES.—F. L.—I shall certainly follow up the Prestea Block "A" and Prestea Mines matter to which you refer, but it is not improbable that my remarks may nip the matter in the bud. At all events, both shares are much firmer. I have not had space yet to mention the further Jungle matters, but propose to do so very soon.

PREMIUM BONDS.—EDWIN WATERMAN.—I send you, as requested, the name of a London firm of Foreign bankers, who make a speciality of Foreign premium bonds. Have nothing to do with the firms mentioned by you. They are not reliable, and they generally charge a much higher price than market value.

*ANOTHER STUPID SPINSTER.—However regrettable the delay is, there is nothing for it but patience. The law will take its time, and unless the matter has been properly decided, no distribution can be made. I am sorry for you, but I do not see how I can hurry matters on.

JUNGLE OPTIONS.—PHYSIC.—The position of this mine is promising, but instead of putting all your eggs into one basket, why not invest in the Prestea Mines, which are very promising, and which are to be taken over by the Prestea Block A?

SKATING RINKS.—W. A. W.—Most of these skating rinks seem to have come to grief, and I certainly do not advise you to throw good money after bad by accepting the offer in question.

NOTE.—The item marked with an asterisk (*) is in answer to a correspondent of *Mrs. Bull*, who conformed to the conditions laid down in JOHN BULL.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

THE RE-INSURANCE AND GUARANTEE CO.—F. D. (Liverpool).—We understand that the conditions were that the National Provincial Insurance Company should pay £3,000—cash £1,000, £1,000 in three months, and the balance at the end of six months; also that they should give one £1 fully-paid share for every four 5s. shares of the Re-insurance and Guarantee Co. And we believe 2,000 fully-paid shares were to be divided equally among the directors, presumably as compensation for the loss of fees. In our judgment, the National Provincial Insurance Co. has made an excellent bargain.

LAW, CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—SHAREHOLDER (London).—We are afraid you will have to reckon with the calls. There is no doubt whatever that all the unpaid capital will have to be called up, and that it will be much short of what will be required to meet the liabilities of the company. As to whether the directors are to be held liable for subscriptions made upon prospectus representations, which are now known to have been highly misleading, that is a question upon which at the moment we cannot offer any decided opinion.

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.—X. (London).—We have your letter, with its statements as to what has happened, and is happening, in the matter of the staff of this company. We shall be obliged if you will give us a call.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—B. M. (Tottenham Court Road).—It is not in the front rank, but it is solvent.

PROMPT PAYMENT OF CLAIMS.—T. E. G. (Bromsgrove).—We have had some complaints.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. M. (Holborn Bars).—You would have difficulty in getting more than the company offers you.

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£444,560

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THE year 1910 has witnessed the most phenomenally successful record in money-making operations ever achieved in financial circles.

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YOU MAY TRAVEL THIS ROAD to FORTUNE

Most of the Half-a-Million has gone into the pockets of men and women who had no knowledge of stocks and shares. Many of these started with as small a capital as £6. See their cheques to-day.

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This COUPON entitles YOU to Learn how £6 may produce £60.

To the Secretary, The National Share Exchange,
GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away nearly £500,000 to clients.

J.B. 31/12/10

NAME.....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title).

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

DATE.....

(Please write distinctly).

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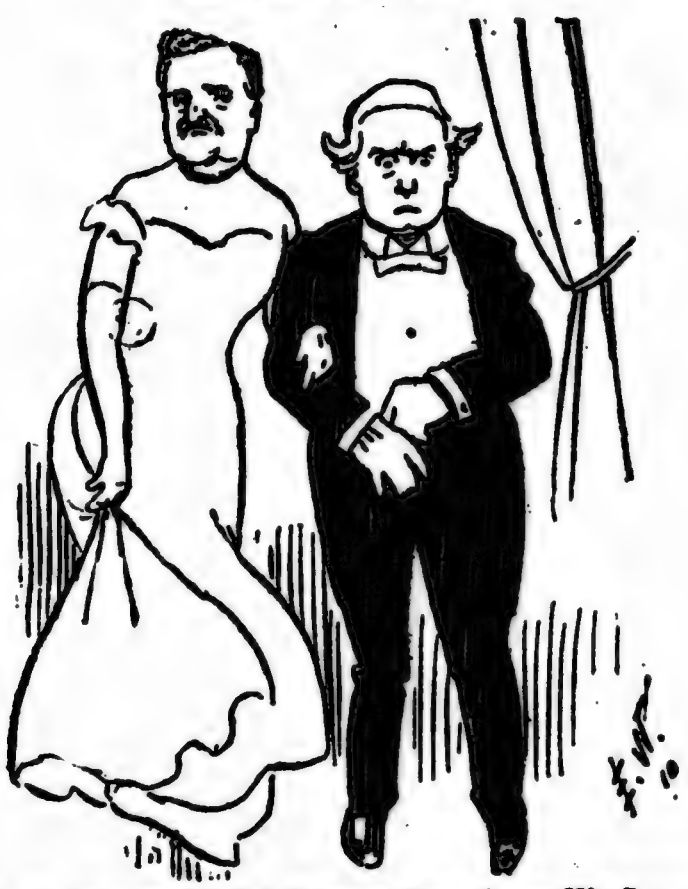
WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED WERE THE 'OLYMPIC" TO ENCOUNTER THE FATE OF THE "PERICLES"?

Referring to our recent comments upon the White Star's *Olympic*, a correspondent thanks us for directing public attention to the matter, and endorses our observations, but thinks that our estimate of 60 as the carrying capacity of lifeboats is excessive. He was a passenger on board the *Pericles* at the time she met disaster, and was one of 54 people who had to find room as best they could in one of the lifeboats. He says there were many women and children, and they were so packed in the boats that there was not room to work the oars, and had the wind and tide been "off shore," few of the 500 souls aboard would have reached land. In referring to the carrying capacity of boats on the *Olympic*, however, we assume they will be somewhat larger than usual.

Our correspondent goes on to say that the statement as to the unsinkability of modern ships—it will be remembered that this argument was advanced as one of the reasons why the *Olympic* need not carry more boats—is all bunkum. Again, taking the case of the *Pericles*—although she was equipped with a double bottom, air-tight compartments, submarine signalling, and all the other paraphernalia supposed to render a vessel unsinkable—she, on March 31st last, shortly after striking a reef, foundered off Cape Lunwin the same as any ordinary sinkable vessel would have done.

Our correspondent wrote to the President of the Board of Trade on the subject, enclosing unfavourable comments from newspapers, as well as making serious charges of negligence against the captain, such as that during the whole of the outward trip from London to Australia, in August, 1909, boat drill was never gone through once. He further says that, on arrival at Hobart, during the trip on which she sank, efforts were made to disengage one of the lifeboats, in order to use the davits for the purpose of hoisting the gangway, and although a quartermaster and two sailors did everything that human beings could, with hammers, wrenches, bars, &c., the bolts and nuts had been painted over so often that they were unremovable, and the idea of shifting the boat was abandoned. It might have been thought that the President of the Board of Trade would have considered these grave allegations sufficiently important to warrant courteous acknowledgment. As a matter of fact, although the letter was sent in April last, it remains unacknowledged.

THE COMING DANCE



Mr. A. (*anxiously*): "I Wonder How Long We Shall Keep in Step?"

BINKS'S BRILLIANT IDEA.

By Clive R. Fenn.

As the yellow-painted caravan creaked into Chorley, Binks reflected on the one subject which had been exercising him for weeks past, namely, the slackness of trade. Mrs. Binks was sitting in the vehicle sewing. The article she was sewing was an old coat of her husband. Annabel, aged three, was rolling about at her feet, playing with a woollen ball. Walking along by the lean horse was Tom Binks, who owned to twelve years.

Mrs. Binks was a pale-faced woman who did not seem to thrive on a life in the open air, and as her husband stalked on moodily in the wake of the van, he, too, looked as if he were weary of a roving existence up and down the shires, providing amusement for the ungrateful.

"Tell you what it is, Mary," he said as they encamped that evening on a dreary waste just outside the unpromising town of Chorley, "If things don't mend we must chuck it."

Mrs. Binks said nothing, for she was busy preparing the supper—tripe and onions, and a jug of beer she had fetched from the Blue Star, which stood twenty yards from where the van had come to a stand. She knew that trade was bad. Still it was a living, and as she watched her husband set up the rifle-gallery, and the Aunt Sally pitch, she even went so far as to think that matters might be worse.

Also they might be better. That was what Binks knew as well as anybody.

"I have an idea," he said as he filled his pipe.

Mrs. Binks listened.

"We are going to strike out something new. That's what we are going to do," he said. "The public wants something fresh or it won't pay. Now I am going to start a new kind of rifle range, where people can shoot their enemies."

"How clever you are," said Mrs. Binks.

And this time he really was up against a good thing. He risked several pounds over his venture, and at the next town he started business with his novelty.

At first sight, this looked like an ordinary rifle gallery, but closer inspection proved that it was vastly different from the usual run of these attractions.

Binks stood at the door himself and shouted out his invitation.

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen. Come and shoot your political enemies. Conservatives on the right and Liberals on the left. One penny a shot. Come and pot Winston and the rest."

The public poured in. It was just as the showman had said. On one side were the members of the Opposition and on the other stood the Government.

The leaders of political thought were badly dealt with on both sides. To shoot the effigy of your enemy is a capital relief to your feelings, and so people found.

It thus came about that the new show took the place of argument. It was in the end better and more effective to go to a rifle gallery and pot the man you disliked, instead of talking about him by the hour.

It will hardly be realised how immense a relief it proved to the feelings to be able to have before supper half an hour's shooting at one's political foes. Binks turned his booth into the Imperial Potting Company. He let the public in to the extent of a hundred thousand pounds. When one says he let in the public it must be understood that the investment was a good one, and one in which the lucky shareholders did as well as if they were buying rubber.

Of course, the outlay in figures was considerable. The Cabinet had to be furbished up every night, and the representatives of the other side had likewise to be touched up after each battue.

The new sport took the place of the games which had previously held the field. Moreover, the nation became a nation of good shots. Thus was another point gained.

As time went on, far from becoming less popular, the pastime increased in vogue. Political feeling was assuaged, and a healthy and entertaining pursuit was placed within the reach of all. If you did not like the Land Clauses, all you had to do was to pepper the motionless representative of the Chancellor. At country house parties the amusement was the rage. Enthusiastic politicians plugged in the bullets with a will. Sometimes Lloyd George was left without a rag to his back and with his face blown into unrecognisability.

Binks is now a rich man, and his wife wears silk dresses of all shades.

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HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

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Nothing that will give satisfaction to a customer, however trivial, is too much trouble: our one idea being to please. An experienced staff of expert designers and salesmen is always at your service to help and give you any advice you may require on furniture or furnishing.

This is the last week of the present year and as a proof of the satisfaction we have given our Customers we have great pleasure in stating that during the present year more than half of our trade has been with old Customers and friends recommended by them. This is the greatest advertisement a firm can have.

OUR METHOD OF BUSINESS. Although we advertise the Gradual Payment System very largely, we do not sell the shoddy class of furniture usually associated with Firms who do business on the credit system.

Of course, there are many Firms that sell high-class furniture, likewise there are many firms that advertise the Gradual Payment System, but it is a fact that we are the only firm in the furnishing trade that sells furniture of the finest quality on the gradual payment system.

We are prepared to give one, two, or three years credit without charging you any interest whatsoever, neither do we require any large first payment. All our goods are marked in plain figures, so that one can see that nothing additional is added should advantage be taken of our Gradual Payment System. However, for prompt cash we allow a discount of five per cent.

Country Customers especially will find a great advantage in dealing with us, for the reason that if possible, we like personal selections to be made. We are prepared to pay their fares to town on all orders of £30 and upwards. All goods are packed free and carriage paid.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE IS POST FREE.

THE ARMY—FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

By Allan Sutor.

Reform.

One of the reforms we intend to endeavour to achieve is the abolition of the money test and the substitution of a purely educational one for admission to the commissioned ranks of the Army. The money test meets a candidate at the entrance gates to the Army in the difficulties and obstacles put in the way of his acquiring a sound military education. Military education, it would appear, need not be good; it must be expensive. The same pecuniary test is applied in another way. An officer must buy an unnecessarily expensive outfit. The outfit need not be useful; it need not even be ornamental; it must be costly. One result of this exaltation of money is to keep out men able to work the Army system, who at the same time would be unwilling to be automatically worked by it. To work any machine or system efficiently one must be able, if necessary, to take it to pieces. To work the Army machine at all, one must be terrified to touch it. Another result is to allow men into the Army who would be much better outside it. Not that the blame is theirs. They do their best. They do much more than they need to do, and the system would go on perhaps better if they did not play with it so much. They serve loyally and faithfully. They fight bravely. They know how to do things; the only thing they do not know is what to do. Their education, though expensive, is thoroughly inadequate. They are forced growths. For a short time the manure has been generously applied to the roots. When the manure is withdrawn, the plants wither and fade. Their lives are purely artificial. They do not come into contact with hard realities even when they go to war. War is a game. It is not even a serious game. It is played with the gloves on. The rules are better observed than the game itself. The game is only to play it, not to win it. It must be a game, and it must be played; to win is superfluous. There are always valuable lessons to be learned even from defeat. Victory, as in South Africa, may really mean defeat. Defeat, however, may really mean victory if its lessons are learnt or taken to heart.

Have Those Lessons Been Learnt?

I think not. Addresses have been delivered, speeches have been made, even books have been written on the problem of the Army. But their only success has been to evade the issue. Consider the latest book that has just appeared on the subject of Army problems. It is written by General Sir Ian Hamilton, who was recently sent to do nothing at Malta. It begins, as is perhaps natural in the circumstances, "Dear Mr. Haldane." It proceeds to deal with our *numerous* Army. The word "numerous" is the General's. Not having had the advantage of a board school education, the General must be allowed a certain amount of latitude in the use of words. Besides, this is only his second adventure in the realm of literature. The first was a sort of scrap-book of the Russo-Japanese War, consisting chiefly of military advice or hints to the Japanese on the subject of war. To return to the book just published, however, it deals with the author's experiences as Adjutant-General.

What these experiences were, it is not difficult to conceive. They consisted in learning a little each day from the permanent staff of the War Office. This education was, however, far from complete. In the book, there is no evidence of a mastery of the simple intricacies of the subject. It is illuminating only with regard to the state of the author's mind. It serves once again to show that our military "experts" are the creatures, not the masters, of the military system which, indeed, works automatically, and is not subject to control in any of its multifarious activities by military intelligence. Besides, the problems which the author attempts to deal with do not belong to the true province of the military expert. Questions with regard to the size of our "numerous" Army, how to keep up its strength, how to supply drafts, etc., have no more to do with the real military problem of this country than questions regarding the employment of actors, and the terms of their engagement, etc., have to do with the artistic performance of any of Shakespeare's plays. When our Henry Irvings devote their time to writing stupid books dealing with such a subject as stage carpentry or the structural arrangement of a theatre, the chances clearly are that their Shakespearean performances will not be huge artistic successes. So it is with regard to our military experts. Their true province is to consider well what is going to happen after their military drama has been successfully staged, the overture has been duly played, and the bell rings for the curtain to rise. It is after the curtain has gone up that our military troubles always begin. The trouble is not with the scenery or the curtain, or any of the other adjuncts of a theatre. The military mistakes which occur are due to the performers not getting the hang of their parts, not knowing their words, coming on the stage when they ought to be wandering off, sometimes not coming on at all, or when they do come, making one feel that they had better have stayed away.

The mistakes are always of a purely military nature—mistakes that occur only through military ignorance and incompetence. Hurling masses of troops persistently and recklessly against almost impregnable positions, imperfectly reconnoitred; regiment after regiment falling into some trap easy to foresee: isolated bodies of soldiers being constantly left out of touch with the main army, and having to surrender for want of support; British guns being captured wholesale and Boer guns being carried off within sight of our cavalry by ox teams travelling only two or three miles an hour; Boer commandos supposed to be flying and demoralised, but turning again and again on their pursuers, cutting off our supplies, breaking up our line of railway communications, or escaping to renew their attacks in another quarter—these are some of the trifling things that it is time our "experts" tried honestly to put right. We want to know less about the production of the play and more about its performance.

The Territorials.

The *raison d'être* of the Territorials was to provide reinforcements for the expeditionary force which was to be sent to India to defend our land frontier. The scheme had been carefully worked out. The Regular Reserve was to be utilised to bring up the expeditionary force to full fighting strength. The Special Reserve was to make good the casualties of war for six months. After this, the idea was that the Territorials, having been mobilised for six months and undergone "military" training by untrained officers, were to advance to the scene of action, not only in their companies and battalions but in their brigades and divisions. This was the scheme. The idea was splendid and so simple and clear. Everybody liked it, and enjoyed it and admired it, with one exception only. This was the Territorials. Strange to say, the Territorials themselves are the only people in this country whom the idea of their proceeding abroad seems to have disappointed. The farthest they were prepared to go was to admit that, on the whole, the idea was an excellent one if it could be carried out. At the same time they took care to point out that, speaking for themselves, it had at least one distinct drawback; it could not be carried out by them. This refusal would have discomfited an ordinary War Minister. Not, however, a legal gentleman with some knowledge of Chancery work. The idea of the Territorials going abroad was immediately dropped. A short interval was allowed to elapse, in order that the outrageous idea might disappear as decently and decorously as possible. Then came the Conscriptionists to the rescue. They saw that a German invasion of England was a matter of vital importance to the military situation. Leagues were frantically formed, magazines to spread the light were founded, Lord Roberts himself was hurried up to the front page of the new magazines with every speed. Invasion scares were rigidly carried out at the rate of about one a week. This saved the Territorials. Appreciating the necessity of distinguishing themselves from Conscriptionists, they called the invasion a "raid." Everything was now satisfactory. The Territorials were not only actually in existence, but they had now something to look forward to. To meet the special convenience of the Territorials it was arranged now that 300,000 Territorials would drive 70,000 German soldiers into the sea. Here we have another instance of the generosity of our War Minister. Five Territorials were luxuriously provided for one German. How is it that if one Army of 70,000 men is able to make a raid, another and yet another are strictly prohibited? At the moment of going to Press, it is not possible to say. The one fact worthy to be remembered is that the idea of the Territorials going abroad had now been successfully converted to the much more pleasant one of their remaining at home.

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A Good Memory.

The authors of the famous Pelman-Foster System of Memory Training make a New Year offer to a limited number of readers of JOHN BULL who send the attached coupon within fourteen days. The offer consists of the complete course of personal correspondence instruction in the Pelman-Foster System for *half the usual fee.* Coupons should be forwarded to the Pelman School as early as possible.

Success and Money come to the Man who can Remember.

Successful Business and Professional men, Naval and Military Officers, Clergymen, Doctors, Lawyers, Students, Clerks, Mechanics, and others engaged in practically every employment testify to the immense benefit they have derived from the Pelman-Foster Memory Course, which has cured them of mind-wandering and permanently increased their mental efficiency without recourse to any artificial or "mnemonical aids." Copies of testimonials are included in explanatory prospectus, to be had post free from the School.

Memory means Money.

Whatever your position in life, whether you are "the head," conducting a great organisation, or whether you are a junior, mounting the office stool for the first time, an improved memory means improved chances of success, a better position, greater power, bigger salary. No single cause has contributed more to the success of thousands of successful men and women in all parts of the world than

The Pelman-Foster System of Memory Training.

The Pelman-Foster System has been reviewed and recommended by the Editors of 500 leading English and Foreign newspapers. It is taught in six languages, and Pelman Schools have been established in England, France, Germany, Australia, South Africa, India, and America.

The Editor of JOHN BULL says:—

"We enquired into the Pelman-Foster System, and were satisfied that it is thoroughly genuine; we have no hesitation in recommending our readers to take the course of lessons."

Cures Mind-Wandering.

The Course consists of five lessons occupying a few minutes' spare time for five weeks. Benefit commences with the first lesson, and when the final lesson is reached, the power of the *Natural Memory* has become doubled. The pupil is not asked to do anything that he does not do now, *but is shown a better way of doing everything, no matter what it is.* The exercises to be done are connected with everyday affairs—things that have to be remembered.

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It is worth your while to investigate the claims made for this System. If you realise the keen stress of competition in the present day, what a poor chance of success remains to those who are not mentally fit, you will not hesitate to enrol for a Pelman-Foster Course, recommended to you by the Editor of JOHN BULL.

Use Coupon or send Post-card To-day.

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Bloomsbury Street,
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Please send free prospectus and particulars of Mr. Pelman's New Year offer to readers of JOHN BULL.

Name.....

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.....

THE PREMIER'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

By Tom Ormerod.

It was New Year's Eve, and the Prime Minister sat with his feet on the mantelpiece, warming the part which we all like to warm. He was looking ten years younger than when he last read one of Mr. F. E. Smith's speeches. By telegraph and express messenger boy, dozens of urgent invitations to his New Year Political Goodwill Party had gone out far and wide an hour ago, and the replies might begin pouring in any minute.

"B-r-r-r-r!" went the telephone merrily.

"Hullo-al-lo-al-lo!" cried the Prime Minister, gripping the receiver with nervous fingers. Which of them would it be—Balfour, Rosebery, Lansdowne, Keir Hardie, Winston, or who? And what would be the response to his courageous innovation? How would the other party politicians take it?

It turned out to be Redmond.

"Och bedad an' I'm coming to that New Year's Party. It's moighty good of you, it is, it is. An' how many bhoys shall I be bringing too?"

"P'raps half-a-dozen will be enough," replied the Prime Minister, his heart as light as a feather. "I'd take the lot, but I could give no guarantees—that the turkeys would go round! . . . Call for O'Brien and Healy on the way, and bring as many little nephews and nieces and cousins as you can . . . Good-bye . . . "

"B-r-r-r-r!"

This time it was Balfour.

"I should like to come very much," he replied to the Premier's eager question, "but what on earth would Lord Willoughby de Broke say?"

"Hang Lord Willoughby!" Then with a happy inspiration: "He's coming himself!"

That settled it, and with a cheery, "Many thanks, my dear fellow," the Leader of the Opposition rang off.

"B-r-r-r-r!"

"Hullo . . Lord Willoughby de Broke? . . . Oh . . . Of course, you're accepting, aren't you? Balfour has."

"I was just going to say—I didn't quite know what Balfour'd say, but if he's coming himself, then of course——"

"Capital——" The exchange cut them off, to make way for Keir Hardie.

". . . Oh, but you must," the Prime Minister declared emphatically at the first sign of hesitation. "I've a lot of kiddies coming, and I've told off Curzon and you to play bricks with the tiny tots before tea. It'll do you both a world of good . . . Ah, there's a good fellow. I knew you would, really. Come in!"—this at a knock at the door.

It was a telegram: "Am a certain starter.—Rosebery."

"B-r-r-r-r!"

"That you, Asquith?"—in Winston's dulcet tones. "There's one condition——"

"All right, I have their word of honour that they won't try to kidnap the kid, while you're out. Bonar Law's dying to pull a cracker with you. I shall put you next one another. . . . Good-bye."

. . . Another call—"Hullo!"—"Lansdowne? . . . What, you prefer to spend New Year's Eve at home? A very natural and admirable sentiment, but as a public man your country *is* your home. Look at it that way. The country expects us to put our quarrels aside for a bit and show we're all sensible Britons at bottom. Now——?"

Yes, his Lordship would!

And so, as the minutes sped by, acceptances of the Prime Minister's unique invitation came close on one another's heels—Austen, Cromer, Lloyd George, Mrs. Pankhurst, Grayson, and all the rest, till only one reply remained to come. It was from Dame Party System, and the Prime Minister shook his head gravely.

. . . Ah, here it was! The Prime Minister opened it slowly. . . . The little sheet of pinkish paper fluttered to the ground.

"The men are all right, and the women are all right, and the kiddies are all right," he apostrophised slowly. "It's the system that's rotten—rotten to the core!"

WE FIRMLY BELIEVE

these to be *the* most perfect fitting Brogues in England to-day—lots of ardent Golfers have told us so too, and another point that has generally been spoken about in connection with them is the splendid wear they give "Twelve months and not re-soled yet" is quite a common expression. With good solid English Oak Tanned soles and selected lump young Calf Skins in the uppers, these shoes are made carefully by men picked for their special skill and ability. Perfect toe freedom, but round the ankle they're just as snug as can be, and *can't* slip no matter how thin the heel may be.

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(*Hall-marked silver mounts.*)

Every Consumptive

should read a remarkable book recently published on the new "Sartolin" Antiseptic Treatment for Consumption and all Chest and Throat Affections. To further the fight against Consumption a distribution of free copies will be made until further notice Every application is advised, as the supply of Free copies is limited. Address—

The Sartolin Co. (Dept. 7c), 20, High Holborn, London.

"JOHN BULL'S" MONTHLY CALENDAR.

JANUARY.

1ST S. 1911 begins.—Rain.
2ND M. *St. Monday.* General holiday amongst the working classes. Union of Ireland with Great Britain, 1801. Dog licences to be renewed. Resolutions begin to break.—Rain.
3rd Tu. *Mrs. Bull* published. New leaves turned over on the 1st become blotted. Many stray dogs roped in by the police.—Fine (!)
4TH W. Advances on account of week's salary applied for.—Rain.
5TH TH. JOHN BULL published. Landlords begin to press for last quarter's rent. Dividends on Consols, etc., due.—Fine (!!)
6TH F. Landlords continue to press for last quarter's rent.—More rain.
7TH S. New Members begin to write drafts of their maiden speeches for the House of Commons. —Much rain.
8TH S. Broken resolutions temporarily patched up. Bibles dusted.—Heavy rain.
9TH M. *Plow Monday.* Mr. Plowden makes a joke. Renewed resolutions irreparably broken.—Torrential rain.
10TH TU. *Mrs. Bull* published. Hereditary Peers begin to remove their belongings from the House of Lords.—Fine (!!!)
11TH W. Hilary Law Sittings begin. Lord Curzon born 1859. Day of mourning in India.—Stormy.
12TH TH. JOHN BULL published. Earl of Crewe born 1858. Day of solemn lamentation amongst the Peers. —Fine (!!!!)
13TH F. *St. Hilary*, patron saint of the hilarious.—Wet—very.
14TH S. Full moon. Temporary cessation of burglaries. —More wet.
15TH S. British Museum opened, 1759.—Very dry.
16TH M. Death of Sir John Moore. Walter Moore imagines an interview.—More wet.
17TH TU. *Mrs. Bull* published.—Very fine.
18TH W. German Empire proclaimed 1871. German Emperor makes a speech. Stock Exchange panic. Home fleet mobilised.—Unsettled.
19TH TH. JOHN BULL published.—Fine.
20TH F. *St. Fabian.* Fabian Society meets to excommunicate H. G. Wells.—Stormy.
21ST S. *St. Agnes.* Week-end habit re-commences.—Change.
22ND S. *3rd Sunday after Epiphany.* Mr. Lloyd George resists the temptation to play golf.—Gloomy.
23RD M. Mr. Lloyd George wishes he hadn't.—Dull.
24TH TU. *Mrs. Bull* published.—Fine.
25TH W. Robert Burns born 1759. Many arrests for drunkenness in Scotland.—Too much wet.
26TH TH. JOHN BULL published.—Very bright.
27TH F. German Emperor born 1859. German Emperor makes a speech. Stock Exchange panic. Home fleet mobilised.—Unsettled.
28TH S. Many M.P.'s arrive in London.—Temperature rising.
29TH S. V.C. instituted 1856. Mr. Asquith ventures to meet Mr. John Redmond.—Threatening.
30TH M. Charles I. beheaded 1649. Suffragettes begin to lose their heads.—Very close.
31ST TU. *Mrs. Bull* published. Parliament meets.—Stormy.

What is Your Number?
See page iii. of Cover.

IN SHAPE 24 of the *Summit* *SERIES* we have expressed our opinion of the *true* proportions of a Point Collar. The point has a slight droop, which gives it an elongated appearance. This point retains its character in each of the Three depths—2in., 2¼in., & 2½in.

6 for 3/0
Samples 6½d. each

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Instant Relief.

The Popular Scotch Whisky is—
BUCHANAN'S "BLACK & WHITE."

OUR "REPRESENTATIVE" SYSTEM.

HOW A SCHOOLMASTER WAS DISFRANCHISED AT SIX ELECTIONS.

Here is a letter which throws a lurid light upon the farce of our so-called "representative" system :—

As my case, which must be absolutely unique, bears out fully your pointed remarks about the nonsense of the present system of qualifying occupation, may I briefly give it, and you will then, I feel sure, agree with me that I have a considerable grievance?

In 1884 I first started the tenancy of a house, and with one or two short intermissions I have had one ever since, varying in value from £50 to £250 a year. During that time—26 years—there have been 7 elections, counting the present one, and it is a melancholy fact that I have been disfranchised no less than 6 times.

My profession is, or was, that of a schoolmaster, and this has involved frequent moving about, which again has somehow always prevented my qualifying. For instance, though I was in my last house 18 months, I went in at the end of August, 1908, and consequently lost my vote for the last election. As I moved again in May, I have lost my vote for this one.

Could the distorted ingenuity of muddle-headed *loco-focos* have devised anything more asinine than to take away his vote from a man who has actually been eighteen months in a house?

How can anybody be expected to take an interest in the affairs of his country if penalised in this way?

Surely my stake in the country, with houses of the rental specified, is as important as that of a labourer who happens to have stayed all his life in one cottage?

Why should I be disfranchised, simply because I have gone about educating the youth of England, with little pecuniary gain to myself, the scholastic profession being in the street which is called Queer?

If ever I get a vote, I shall certainly give it to anyone who is in favour of a Business Government, instead of to a representative of the present Square-Men-in-Round-Holes *régime*, whether he be "Liberal" or "Conservative."

The John Bull League.

We are now engaged upon the task of checking our registers, in view of the issue to all members early in the New Year of our first annual report. Will those who have removed during the present year kindly notify the General Secretary, at the same time giving the old address in order to facilitate reference? The report will deal exhaustively with the work and progress of the League during the first fourteen months of its existence, and will contain some important announcements of our future plans.

BRANCH REPORTS.

PLYMOUTH.—One of the latest branches to be formed, an active campaign has been arranged, commencing with a concert on Thursday next, January 5th, at the Corn Exchange, when members and their friends interested in the League are cordially invited. Mr. Jas. Stephens will preside, and the concert will commence at 8 p.m. Following this, a public meeting will be held in the Guildhall on the Thursday following, January 12th, at which ex-Lieut. Allan Sutor will deliver an address. The Local Secretary, Mr. A. E. Hutchings, of 20, Albert Road, Plymouth, will be glad to hear from members willing to assist at these meetings.

LEEDS.—Following up the successful concert recently held, the branch has arranged for another on Thursday next, January 5th, at the Golden Lion Hotel, Lower Briggate, when the Acting Chairman, Mr. W. B. Russell, will take the chair. Several first-class artistes have been secured, and tickets for admission can be obtained on application to the Local Secretary, Mr. D. A. Macdonald, of 24, Savile Place, Chapeltown Road, Leeds. The concert will commence punctually at 8 p.m. Considerable interest is being aroused in the forthcoming visit of the President, who will address a public meeting at the Leeds Town Hall on Thursday, January 26th.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Temperance Hall, Temple Street, has been secured for Friday, January 13th, when ex-Lieut. Allan Sutor will deliver an address. Further particulars will be announced next week.

BRISTOL.—After the recent wonderful meeting at the Colston Hall, no time has been lost in formally establishing the branch, Mr. W. P. Frankham, the Hon. Local Secretary, having got together a thoroughly business-like committee. We are informed that a concert will be held early in January at the Grand Hotel.

(*For Membership Coupon see page* iii. *of Cover.*)

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS.

Will you tell me how it is possible for theatrical managers to *grant permission* to music-hall managers to perform sketches for five, ten, fifteen, or thirty minutes, when the law declares such performances to be illegal?

All who are familiar with the amusement question and have waded through important books of evidence on this subject taken before committees of the House of Commons, know full well that the music-hall sketch—or in fact anything dramatic (even a ballet), unless performed in a licensed theatre—is illegal. And why? Simply because the music-halls are governed by an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of George III. *long before music-halls were born or even thought of.* The House of Commons has been advised to legalise the sketch. Nothing however has been done. I think it was in 1894 that the last idiotic battle between the theatres and music-halls took place—when meetings were convened, and theatrical managers *consented* to sketches being played for a limited number of minutes at the halls. What nonsense! What power have they to even a say in the matter? How can they agree to an arrangement that the law has made illegal? It is as ridiculous as a publican telling a man who lives in a house opposite, which is rented to him on the condition that it is used as private premises only, that he may sell spirits.

In 1894 the Examiner of Stage Plays under the Lord Chamberlain issued a circular from which I quote the following :—

"The so-called 'sketches' now in course of representation at several music-halls and theatres of varieties throughout Great Britain, are evidently 'stage-plays,' and must be licensed in order to be legalised. The actual licensees under the local licensing authorities are, in all cases, the responsible parties under the act. Any instance of wilful infringement of the law will be officially reported by the Examiner of stage plays to the local authorities under and by whose license the place of public entertainment in which such offence shall have been committed is opened.

"It is the duty of the licensees to ascertain beforehand that all such sketches announced for representation by companies performing in their places of public entertainment have been duly licensed.

"One copy of every new stage play to be sent to the Examiner of Stage Plays seven clear days before the first acting or presenting thereof. The reading fee (one guinea on a piece in less than three acts, two guineas on a piece in more than two acts), payable by cheque or postal order, to be paid at the time when the piece is submitted for license."

In spite, though of this circular, which implies that the then functionary of the law was prepared to legalise stage plays where to perform such is illegal—this difficulty was overcome by *prohibiting the acting of plays which had been licensed.*

Then the theatre managers come forward and say, "We will agree to a compromise, and *legalise illegality.*"

Isn't it a lot of rubbish?

Through the "shutting down" of "Richard III." at the Coliseum, over one hundred people have been thrown out of work, and left to get their Christmas and New Year's dinner as best they may. Isn't it time to once and for all put a stop to these foolish quarrels that have been perpetually going on since the days when theatres found that music-halls were drawing in money whilst they were losing it?

The working of the illegal sketch, and the opening up of the cheap drama to the people, have been of important service to the community. Why then should there be any delay in deliberately legalising the dramatic sketch or farce acted anywhere outside a regular theatre? If, as matters stand, the sketch is *illegally* countenanced, I contend that it should be *legally* examined. That seems to me to be quite clear. What is good for the goose is good for the gander, and it would be sublimely inconsistent if, say, a French play, or any other for the matter of that, were refused a license for such and such a theatre, and then to be immediately passed over and acted as a sketch at a variety hall.

For between fifteen and sixteen years this war has been raging. Isn't it about time to hurry on the revision of the amusement laws, and place them on a sensible and rational basis, in the interests of decency, order, and good-citizenship?

It is hoped that the public will not confuse the Car and General Insurance Corporation, Ltd., of 1, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., with the Law, Car and General Insurance Corporation, which is now in liquidation. The Car and General Insurance Corporation was established in 1903, and has no connection whatever with the Law, Car and General Insurance Corporation, established 1906. [ADVT.]

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To avoid risk of loss, write your NAME AND ADDRESS clearly on the back of EACH PHOTO. State whether a Bust Picture is required, otherwise it will be made like the original.

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Enclosed I send you ..... photos to be enlarged on the terms of your advertisement in JOHN BULL for December 31st, 1910. Such enlargement to be delivered to me free of expense within 28 days after the receipt by you of this Coupon, photo(s), and remittance. I also send £.....s.....d. in payment for same at 1s. 3d. each.

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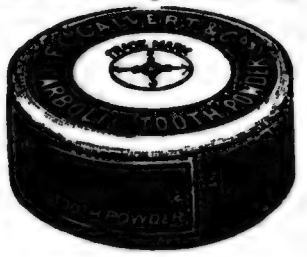
CALVERT'S

Carbolic Tooth Powder

It is a dentifrice with a world-wide reputation as an effective and satisfactory means of cleaning the teeth, and, as you know, the cleaner the teeth are kept the longer they are likely to last, and the better they look.

Then again, whilst polishing the surface of the teeth, it provides at the same time an antiseptic cleansing, the more thorough when the toothbrush is used from the gums up and down, to get between the teeth.

And to mention one point more, perhaps not the least in importance—especially where children are being trained to take care of their teeth—it is distinctly pleasant to use.



YOUR CHEMIST SELLS IT.

Tins, 6d., 1/-, 1/6, and (1 lb.) 3/- Sprinkler-top glass jar, 1/- nett. FOR A TRIAL SAMPLE send penny stamp to Dept. J.B. F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester.

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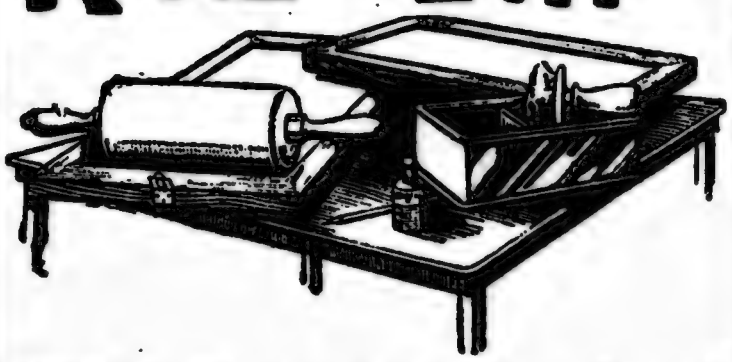

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BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Who will guarantee the "guarantees"?
Have the Orangemen really got the "pip"?
Isn't the Irish spirit a case of "half and half"?
Will the Board of Works "go" now it has been "wound up"?
Isn't Mr. Asquith a bit tired of "freedoms"?
Hasn't Whitefield's Tabernacle already been heavily "rated?"
Is Grahame White's favourite expression, "Chase me"?
Was Earl Minto given the Garter for his "stocking"?
Are they called "peers" because they prop up the throne?
Does the production of "All Change Here" at the Alhambra mean that it's our money they want?

"True genius thrives best under adverse conditions," says Dr. Woods Hutchison. This is the sort of thing that keeps many a wretched scribbler from earning a decent livelihood weighing up sugar.

The electors of East Northants, at least, lost nothing by the election, since they got their Money back.

W. T. Stead says he has no faith in judges. He should let bygones be bygones.

The *Lancet* says the plum pudding is "a complete food in itself." It certainly leaves nothing to be desired.

The L.C.C. Education Committee is now talking of a possible scarcity of teachers. But they can find them in the tea-shops.

"It is fashionable to be vulgar nowadays," says the *Gentlewoman*. No wonder fashionable people are so common.

Holme from The Wash: The dying whale stranded at Holme, near King's Lynn.

"Are Elections Bad for Health?" asks a morning paper. We understand that the defeated candidates feel very sick.

The Leeds police are said to be the best-dressed in the country. Leeds leads, in fact.

"Island sold by auction," we read. We should imagine it rather a difficult thing to knock down.

"Meals on the stage have died out," says the *Daily Dispatch*. No wonder the mournful mummer of the Strand regrets the "good old days."

"Who owns the air?" is the latest question raised. We shan't even be able to breathe freely soon.

The headline, "Lunatic at Large," when a General Election was proceeding, strikes us as funny. One more can't make much difference.

Aviation sweet-boxes are the newest novelty. We suspect they will go down well.

A candidate hurried from his honeymoon to the hustings. Kisses transferred to the voting paper.

"Collar-supports save life," we read. The same effect is secured by putting on a bold front.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS:—
The Premier will learn to play second fiddle.
Mr. Lloyd George will continue his Ex-chequered career.
Ireland will try to "get her own back."
King Manoel will seek for a sovereign remedy.
The Kaiser will study the "wire-less" system.
John Burns will reject a disappeerage.
The Suffragists will manage without Winston Churchill's "kid."
Mr. Balfour will meet the situation with resignation.
The British publican will try to "do" his duty.
Mr. Ure will continue to lie—low.
Mr. Roosevelt will remember that "there are others."
Baden-Powell will teach the young idea to "scoot."
The House of Lords will be more "accommodating."
Mr. Pelissier will go on playing the fool.
Frank Richardson will "shave" his jokes.
Grahame White will live a plane life.
The Ulster men will take their coats off.
Bramwell Booth will give us a testy-monial.
Our actors will give the music-halls a turn.
Mrs. Bull will "spread herself."

TRADE NOTE.

THERE is no end to the good things provided for the public, and the latest we have come across is "something new—that's good for you," in other words, the Milk Stout brewed by the Lion Brewery Co., Ltd., of Lambeth, London. For some time past the medical profession have advised many of their patients to drink milk and stout mixed, which they have done, much to their benefit. Hence, no doubt, the idea of Milk Stout as now brewed by the Lion Brewery Co., Ltd. The Patentees of this unique process of brewing studied the queston for years before they hit upon the happy idea of using milk extract, or sugar of milk, in the brewing in combination with the finest malt and hops. We understand that the result of this process of brewing is that in each pint bottle of Milk Stout old to the public there are the energising carbo-hydrates of half a pint (10 ozs.) of pure dairy milk. Readers should try it; it is said to be "out and out the finest stout."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

*NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*WHEN *readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*
CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag."* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*
AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*
The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*
CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

A. W. C. (Plaistow) says that "stars" are more to blame than the management of music halls for the frequent disappointment of their non-appearance. But the management might, in common honesty, put up an announcement when a disappointment occurs.

"YOUR FELLOW-BRITISHER" (Johannesburg) may be quite right in his statement, but will do more for the Empire by cultivating a feeling of friendliness for his brother Boers.

B. K. (Hungary).—"The Unionist Propaganda" were advertisements paid for in the ordinary way, and next to them in one issue came a similar advertisement from the Liberal headquarters.

INQUISITIVE (Fulham).—Whilst we do not think there would be any actual illegality in a manual of the County Council Fire Brigade showing political posters, it would doubtless be contrary to the regulations, and you should communicate direct with the Clerk to the Council.

R. H. A. (Bowes Park).—You are quite right. About 2,000 more votes would have got Mr. Farlow in.

E. H. (Gravesend).—We do not suppose anyone seriously thought of giving Dom Manoel an annuity. As you say, he ought to think himself jolly well lucky to have escaped with his skin.

W. C. F. (Brockley) was foolish enough to pay enquiry fees to *The Commercial Advance Co., 105, Market Street, Manchester.* We all have to buy our experience.

"BULLITE" (Devonport).—But the taxation of bread would be a nuisance to the kiddies.

A. W. (Nottingham) sends us a circular of the *New Card Company, Byron House, Fleet Street, E.C.*, with a lot of talk about "Dear customer," "secure your prize," etc. They keep on pestering a boy of 14.

W. R. (Nottingham).—We do not think much of the Tryphena Mission Fresh Air Fund. Send your coppers to Pearson's.

J. C. (Glasgow) complains of a bookmaker named James Haughey or Taylor or William Morton. Why not find out about these people first?

W. J. M. (Edinburgh).—We do not guarantee any of our advertisers. They pay their money and you take your choice. But we discontinue any announcement about which we receive an authenticated complaint.

A. D. (London, S.W.) cannot obtain eggs from *A. Harding, Sare Croft Farm, Bellingdon, Chesham, Bucks*, who professes to supply them at 1s. 9d. a dozen.

A. K. (East Ham) praises the sobriety of the Dutch. But what about Dutch courage? He says their women do not paint their faces. Perhaps it would be as well if they did, Jim says.

J. L. (Haslemere) warns us against a man named *Gent* or *Ghent*, of *Burnham Market, Norfolk*, who advertises rabbits in *The Exchange and Mart.*

T. J. D. (Port Glasgow).—Surely you must have misunderstood our remarks about Mr. Redmond, for whom we have always cherished the greatest admiration and regard.

A. E. F. (Chatham).—No one has ever solved the question of the absolute secrecy of the ballot. But we are inclined to believe in it.

"A DOUBLE DUTCHMAN" expresses his surprise that we should employ "such an absolute fool and obvious ignorant person" as Jim Crow, and we are surprised at ourselves in condescending to notice a person who has not the courage to sign his name to his letter.

E. G. (Harwich).—Why jump to conclusions in that way? Never, never did we dream of calling all stewards, deck-hands and stokers scum. We know many of them are very fine fellows, indeed.

J. W. H. (Glasgow) says the Orangemen form part of one of the most honourable institutions in the world.

A. B. C. (Canning Town) sees no prospect before him but the workhouse or the prison, and could get no satisfactory answers from Radical or Socialist candidates. As he is a young man, we do not see why he should not endeavour to obtain honourable and profitable work. Even Socialists cannot accomplish miracles.

A. C. L. (London) writes: "Ju are a misserabel Bull. Ju are not de wan ju sai too bee. i hate ju for ol mie lief SCOUNDRELS. Wiht de compliments here is mie kart." Telegraphic address: Fake, Amsterdam.

H. O. D. (Great Ormond Street).—We know nothing about your tipster, *Graham Dawson*, but should be suspicious of anyone giving an address simply at Kelly's Library.

"DOUBTFUL" (Islington).—As a matter of fact, Lloyd George is a smoker and a non-abstainer; but what on earth does it matter to anybody?

T. D. (Southend-on-Sea) enquires about the *Bell Photo Company*, of *Southend.*

E. S. (Brixton) says that Churchmen allow the use of their schools by Liberals, but Nonconformists refuse them to Conservatives. After all it is a matter of courtesy.

H. F. (Sheffield) enquires about *F. Hodgson and Sons, Woodsley Road, Leeds*, who advertised 12 blankets for a guinea.

H. S. (Herne Bay).—Who would have wanted to manufacture evidence against Crippen?

(*Continued on page* 1066)

A Message to Every Skin Sufferer

Skin troubles are disfiguring, irritating and humiliating. You know how you dread the idea of a skin complaint, and no effort therefore should be too great to keep your skin in perfect health, and beauty, or to restore it to this condition should you be suffering from any skin disease. The Antexema treatment is the one certain method, for it is equally successful in every skin trouble. There is now no excuse for skin suffering, and if you suffer, you have no one but yourself to blame.

You can be Cured

and one application of Antexema will convince you of the instant relief gained. To enable you to test its value at our expense, we will send a Free Trial of complete Antexema treatment. The worst and most maddening irritation and burning pain stops the moment Antexema is applied, and the healing process immediately begins, however incessant the itching.

Many thousands of sufferers whose troubles were worse than yours and who had failed to get relief in any other way, tried Antexema, and thus gained the ease and restful comfort they were longing for. So will you if you use Antexema.

Antexema cures eczema, face spots and rashes.

Under the one term skin troubles are included not only severe, but slight everyday ailments; but please note that Antexema is equally good for either severe or slight troubles. Pimples, blackheads, rough, chapped, scurfy skin, cracked lips, bad legs, chilblains, face spots, blotches, the skin troubles of babies and children, ringworm, rashes, eruptions, the various forms of eczema, and every other skin illness is cured by Antexema.

Do your duty to your skin. Go to your chemist or pharmacist for Antexema. Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis and Burrows, supply it at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or post free, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Also in India, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe.

We have told you what Antexema will do. The next step is for you to take. You should immediately

Send for Free Trial

of complete Antexema treatment, consisting of Antexema, Antexema Soap, the great aid to skin health, and Antexema Granules, which purify the blood. Adopt the treatment and you will be convinced of its value. Sign the form below or mention JOHN BULL, and enclose three penny stamps for a copy of booklet, "Skin Troubles," and the free trial will be sent at the same time. Send at once to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

ANTEXEMA COUPON

Name .....

Address .....

.....

JOHN BULL, 31/12/10.

Practical Imperialism.

CHEAP FOOD, PURE FOOD, GOOD FOOD.

Ask for AUSTRALIAN

Beef and Mutton,

Butter,

Fruit,

Wine,

Honey.

ENCOURAGE EMPIRE INDUSTRIES.

Commonwealth Offices,
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XMAS GIFT BARGAINS!

Send post card to-day for H. Samuel's Free Book of Xmas Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Plate, Leather and Fancy Goods. Everything at FACTORY PRICES. Full month's trial allowed.

Free Prizes for all purchasers. Write Now!
H. SAMUEL, 129 Market St., Manchester.

15/-

Full size Silver Plated Tea-Pot, Queen Anne Pattern. 15s. Large Selection.

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Sperminum is the natural source of health and vital strength, isolated and purified from organic bases.
In the form of the Essence, Spermin acts as a REVIVER of VITAL ENERGY, and so stimulates healthy body juices, which resist disease and retard vital decline.
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, FATIGUE from OVERWORK and MENTAL and PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION brought about by OVER-INDULGENCE in ATHLETICS will find a corrective in Poehl's Spermin Essence.
It is of SPECIAL CURATIVE VALUE in all DISORDERS of the BLOOD, the NERVES, and the HEART.
Sold in original bottles under the warranty of the ORGANO THERAPEUTIC INSTITUTE of Professor VON POEHL & SONS, by all Chemists, at 8/6 per bottle.

Address for free literature:—

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3, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

A. & M. ZIMMERMANN,
3, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

"A Subscribed" (Bethnal Green) complains of *Jack Pearson, of Middelburg*, football admission agent, who sends out coupons from Liverpool.

E. H. J. (Islington) endorses everything that has been said in these columns against the management of the Holborn Empire.

T. E. (Llanrwst) sent a postal order for 10s. to *Alex. Wolfe and Co., of Hamburg*, but cannot even get an acknowledgment.

G. A. K. (Stoke Newington) enquires about the *Peters School of Languages, 156, Kilburn Park Road, West Kilburn*, which answered his advertisement and offered a salary of £15 a month, but required a preliminary deposit of 10s.

P. H. T. (Bridgwater) bought a set of teeth for 3 guineas and sold them to *Fraser, of Ipswich*, for 3d.; but he must remember that he had the wear and tear.

G. F. (East Ham) tells us quite a nice little story. A young lady went to church and put a two-shilling-piece into the plate in mistake for a penny. At the end of the service, she went to get her money back, and found that a young man who had sat next to her had already claimed and secured the coin. Next time, the parson had better stick to the money.

B. F. (Chiswick) wants to know "the best and least expensive way for a man to become a British subject." Obviously, to have a British father and mother.

H. M. M. (Cleveland) says there are 32 survivors of the charge of the Light Brigade, and 22 of them are in workhouses. But think of the joy of their reminiscences.

C. F. (Ilford).—We know nothing about the *Credit Warehouse, 39, Exchange Street, Norwich*. If the instalments have to be paid after delivery, there may be no ground for complaint.

J. L. J. (Cwmdare) wants our idea of the Sabbath and how it should be observed. Of course, half of it should be spent in church and the other half—with the blinds down.

A. W. (Tottenham) wants us to start missing-word competitions. Surely it ought to be possible to think of something more original.

W. A. G. (Durham).—Why is it "pitiful and mean" to want to have a debate about Christianity? Waste of time, perhaps, for no one ever convinces another on serious subjects; but why pitiful and mean?

M. H. A.—Our only advice about football prizes, limericks, missing-word competitions, etc., is to give them a wide berth.

J. H. W. wants to find an "innocent bookmaker." He has only to look round the ring at any racecourse.

R. G. (Muswell Hill) seems to have given a testimonial to a quack remedy "under great stress of emotion," and must be more careful another time.

T. H. C. (Nottingham).—We should certainly not advise you to throw up your present job, even if it is a poor one, until you have found something better.

"A Working Man" wants to know the difference between workingmen and merchants, shopmen, clergymen, barristers, soldiers, etc. Isn't it a question of working with the hands or the head?

A. L. S. (Bristol) writes in defence of astrology. We are always open to conviction, but surely some astrologers are quacks?

A. F. (Bentley) complains of *The Commercial Advance Co.*, who appear to be reluctant to accept the repayment of loans—not a very usual fault.

R. P. (Mountain Ash) wants books to tell him how to deal successfully on the Stock Exchange and the racecourse. But we do disapprove of gambling!

X. Y. Z. (Glasgow) says that, if we succeeded in starting a Business Government, we should only be founding a new Party. Funny man!

J. C. W. (Cynmau).—We do not quite understand your grievance, but we like your phrase about "thinking to argument my small income."

B. S. (Chiswick) suggests an Act of Parliament to give the finders of lost property 10 per cent. of the value. All right. But what a lot would be "found"!

G. W. P. (Stockwell) wants the address of the Railway Protection Association.

"King of Evolution" (Southampton).—Certainly not. Do not dream of becoming an Orangeman. Keep as you are.

A. B. C. (Hove) asks whether John and Mrs. Bull would not be happier if there were a little bull. So far, it is as much as they can do to manage Jim Crow.

"One Who Has Suffered" (London, N.) asks why men have it so much in their power to rule the world, why they do not practise what they preach, and why they allow themselves to be dragged away from their happy, happy homes. We dunno.

H. W. G. (Clapham).—Of course, we do not want to make people work on Sundays without compensation, but we do advocate an intelligent use of the day of rest.

A. M. (Jarrow) thinks it would be more genteel to call Downing Street Downing Road. Why not Gardens? All this must depend upon Suffragettes.

T. McE. (Northumberland) complains of *Harry Rouse*, Commission Agent, of *Flushing* and *Aylesbury*.

"Constant Reader" (Perthshire) wants to know if an undischarged bankrupt is "eligable" to hold any office under the Government. So long as he is not in the House.

Mrs. W. (Ealing).—What is the objection to Sunday being turned into "a glorified Bank-holiday"? We do not mind parsons preaching about us. It all helps the circulation.

H. D. (Greenwich).—We are certainly surprised to hear that there is no postal delivery after 11.30 a.m. in certain towns on early-closing day.

G. C. D. (Hull) is a working man, aged 24, who is determined to educate himself, and he asks us for advice. Why not try learning Jim Crow's articles by heart?

B. H. (Eltham).—We have not the faintest notion about the comparative density of the population within a 20 mile radius of Manchester and London respectively.

"Equitas" (Bedford Park).—We have no reason for supposing that all bone-setters are frauds.

"A Reader of J. B." (Worcester) wants to know if it is usual for a clergyman to charge eighteen-pence for the churching of a woman. Why not?

M. G. R. L. (Bromley) thinks that the floors of the tube trains ought to be more carefully and frequently swept in order to prevent consumption.

F. H. (Aston) complains of frauds in the boot trade, and, as he is a bootmaker himself, he ought to know.

J. S. says the Duke of Buccleuch has annexed 5 ft. on each side of the fine highway leading from the neighbourhood of Carlisle into England. The Scots have always admired and coveted the high road to England.

H. L. (Johannesburg) wants statistics of divorces due to lack of issue, but human motives are so mixed that it would surely be difficult to apportion the blame.

W. L. H. (Bristol).—It was certainly annoying to have to pay 2d. for an unstamped circular from a money-lender. It is difficult to know what to do in such cases as, if all unstamped letters were refused, you might miss an important communication. Meanwhile, you had better thank your stars that the circular was not forwarded abroad. You might have been mulcted of the equivalent of fivepence.

J. N. (Moseley) was a Conservative for the best part of his life, but since reading John Bull became "a man of independent views." See what responsibilities we incur!

"Chemist" asks why methylated spirit is not allowed to be sold between Saturday night and Monday morning. Is he quite sure of his facts?

E. A. S. (East Ham) says there is no outlet for legitimate ambition in the Navy. He wants us to "give the lower deck ratings opportunity to qualify for a commission up to age 30; on successfully passing his examination to rank as second lieutenant, with seniority antedated to half his time already served."

F. E. H. (Oxford) considers it an act of rank disloyalty to toast any man before the King.

T. S. P. (Oxford) wants to know how to make money by selling ghost stories, but we hesitate to encourage him without more knowledge of his spiritual capacity.

"Admirer" (Golder's Green).—We really cannot be bothered to tell you which is the largest station in the United Kingdom. Why not travel and find out for yourself?

"A Reader" writes to "Richard Botomley, Esq., Editor of John Bull," to inform him that he has noticed that we devote several of our columns to answering correspondents, and he would be glad to hear of a cure for stammering through "nerviousness." We are grateful for the information, and, as one good turn deserves another, we suggest that he should hold Suffragette meetings.

"Hygeia" (Fulham).—We are sorry we cannot advise you about the alleged cure for catarrh, as this is not a luxury we ever indulge in.

M. B. G. (Hammersmith).—We regret that we are unable to inform you "why all theatrical agents and too often managers are thorough reprobates." We have met one or two who seemed to be quite good fellows.

A. V. B. (Dover) says that if we had lived in Ireland for any length of time we should discover that religion has a very great deal to do with business in that priest-ridden country. Why only in Ireland?

Gadsby (Islington) sends us a poem which we are to take for what we think it is worth. The answer is *nichevo*.

E. P. (London) wants particulars of the Weymouth Association. Don't all speak at once.

T. O. M. (Aberdeen) wants to know whether a certain descriptive Parliamentary reporter is "an insufferable cad." We should not have gone so far as that.

"Coffee Tom" (Hull) sends us fragments of autobiography. He is "living in a cottage surrounded by water in the middle of the sea." He says, "please write not to hell but to heaven on the Humber, where we have a beautiful pier; London is not in it. We are very rich, and they all do their best for the poor. They all watched the comet, those who could see. The comet was a tear from God, a mystery you know, but it didn't touch the earth, or else it would have been all up with the sinners. When my daughter read me the news I was saving some money to pay my back rent. It drove me on the fuddle and I have spent every farthing, I haven't got a cent, but my landlord is good. I have been nearly all over the world. I am going to sell papers, and I shall start with John Bull. I know they will sell when poor old Tommy gets on the run. I have been on this earth almost three-score years and nine." We hope he will stick to coffee in future, if only for the sake of his landlord.

F. G. (Ludgate Hill) has been reading a novel, and sends us a nice little bit about a man who "stuffed his fingers into his ears and continued writing." This, however, is not so incredible as it sounds, for we have seen a man who could paint pictures with his feet, and Jim Crow boasts that he can use his nose as a red pencil.

"Unsectarian" (Manchester) complains against the use of the word publican exclusively in reference to inn-keepers. "Strictly speaking," he asks, "are not churches, chapels, theatres and coffee houses public-houses whose keepers are publicans?" We are afraid we cannot alter the language, however much we should like to do so. Meanwhile, we do not see that any stigma attaches to the name publican. In Bible days he was a tax-gatherer, which of course was much worse.

"Fair Play" (Marlow) deplores the ever-increasing taxation on motor cars, and complains of the non-fulfilment of promises to apply income thus derived to the improvement of the roads and the relief of the unemployed. He says that in spite of the heavy burden on motor-car owners, the rates are leaping up everywhere, on account of the necessity for additional repairs to the roads.

R. H. (Birmingham) complains about a bookmaker, but does not send us his own name and address. Our interim verdict, therefore, is for the bookmaker.

A. B. (Ruskin Park) is getting sick of receiving money-lenders' circulars, but we can only suggest his returning them in unstamped envelopes. Even then they may come back through the Dead Letter Office.

Messrs. Carr and Co., Ltd., of Carlisle, the well-known biscuit manufacturers—in reference to the complaint of *F. T. C. (West Ealing)*—explain that some delay in the forwarding of samples of their productions was inevitable, in view of the difficulty of getting the tins at this time of the year. All applicants—including F. T. C.—have, however, been supplied.

"A Black Leaguer" is hankering after Anking, whose "Jane Ann" letters he misses. He also wishes to know the colour of our Editor's eyes. That depends upon the weather, and the company he is in.

E. D. (Seven Kings).—We rather like the phrase, "homo killed butcher," and should like to apply it to all butchers who supply foreign meat at the price of the home article.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A Well Known Authority Sends a Sample of a Famous Method Free to All.

We will send free to anyone who is ruptured, or knows of any person ruptured, a free trial of our famous home cure. It is a marvellous method, curing cases that defied hospitals, doctors, trusses, electricity and all else. Merely send your name and address, and the free trial will be sent without any cost to you whatever. Mr. R. Wharton, 52, Domestic Street, Holbeck, Leeds, was ruptured seven years, tried all kinds of trusses, partly made up his mind to undergo the danger of an operation, when, by the greatest of good luck, he tried the Rice method. He is cured, **and has worn no truss for over six years.**

MR. R. WHARTON.

Mr. Wharton says:—"I tried the Rice method, and it cured me. I had been ruptured seven years and tried all kinds of trusses with no benefit. I am doing all I can to persuade every ruptured person to try this method, which I think is worth its weight in gold."

Every ruptured person ought to send at once and make a trial of this method. It has cured thousands of people without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's loss of time. Begin now, and in a short time you will forget you have been ruptured. Do not fail to send in this Coupon to-day.

COUPON (B 1101).

Cut out and post to **WM. S. RICE, Ltd., 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.**

Time Ruptured?.....*Age?*.....
Right, left, or both sides, or navel?.....
Name.....
Address.....
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RONEO Reasons why you should use "NUMERALPHA" Vertical Filing Systems.

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FOR BILIOUS & LIVER COMPLAINTS

If You Neglect Your Liver

every part of your system must suffer because your blood is certain to become charged with impurities. Indigestion, depression, lack of energy, dizziness, sickness, headaches, etc., are all Liver signs. They can be cured only by restoring life and vigour to the liver. Dr. SCOTT'S PILLS do this quicker than any other remedy. A single dose will prove.

Sold in green packages by all Chemists
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Nature's own inimitable remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Disordered Digestion. Just as Nature creates it and intends it should be taken—it cures

CONSTIPATION

in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a bottle—and drink half a tumbler on arising.

The Famous NATURAL Aperient Water

USE "NUGGET" POLISHES BLACK and BROWN

"DOUBLE the LIFE of your BOOTS"

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. Z.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

Eyes Front!

Acting on my suggestion, the Hurst Park executive have put a back and sides to the auctioneer's box, so that the bids *must* come from the front—viz., round the *public* ring. But it has made the rostrum particularly small for two men to occupy it, as there is no elbow room, and Messrs. Stevens and Langlands thoroughly fill it—in fact, are inconveniently packed.

What Jockeyship Means.

It is always most exasperating and puzzling to the stay-at-home punter when a stable has its jumpers sometimes ridden by an amateur and at others by its regular jockey, for one never knows who it is to be. And the starting-price bettor would regulate his investment accordingly, for some horses with their owners up would not have a 20 to 1 chance and yet be 6 to 4 certainties under professional handling.

The Other Side of the Question.

There are always two sides to every matter, and whilst I am endeavouring to do the very best possible to protect readers against being swindled by bookmakers, it is not, on the other hand, "cricket" for the good men, whose advertisements are exhibited in these columns, to be let in by little punters, who are probably out for that purpose.

Medley.

Some owners, it is declared, keep their horses simply to "look at."

It is really wonderful what racegoers will stand at some meetings.

The fashion for ladies to own horses is becoming much more general.

The Anti-Gambling League's secretaries are named Hawke and Hogge. Significant!

The shout, "They're running, *real* starting price," from bookmakers is very true and witty.

Several of the four-year-olds entered in Maiden or Selling plates just now are certainly not worth training.

Who was the owner served with a writ at Lingfield for a horse bought a few weeks previously, and for which payment had been forgotten?

At times when bookmakers cannot pronounce the name of some animal queerly titled, they safeguard themselves by shouting its number.

Some of the Irish jockeys—especially when riding in the National—shout and chaff at the top of their voices nearly all the way.

Try to read the numbers on a race board through glasses, and notice how extraordinarily difficult it is, for a sort of film seems to dance in front of the figures.

Jockeys generally have a reason why something that does not win OUGHT to have won but for something happening. The horse cannot contradict it!

"There's another starter," is the pretty frequent jocular remark as Mr. Coventry goes cantering down in front of, or with, his field.

How many sovereigns are thrown away by owners and trainers through neglecting to strike their horses out of races in which they have no intention of running them?

Hubert Hartigan, the popular owner, does not follow racing very closely, personally, despite the number of horses he runs. He never opens the "Calendar," and leaves nearly everything to his brother Frank, the trainer.

Prophetic.

The end of a big holiday week, and just in time to have a real gamble upon Cross Question, who I look upon as a good thing for the Berkshire Hurdle Race at Newbury to-day (Thursday), although, in his absence—and if not penalised at Kempton—Throne and Country has a chance. At Hurst Park Mitral *will*, on what we saw at Folkestone, win the Selling Steeplechase, whilst Smithfield must about take the Old Year Handicap; and Shady Girl, if not carrying a penalty, the Molesey Handicap.

Free Postage. Free Postage.

H. Hamilton & Co.

FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

The oldest established reliable Football Accountants in the World.

FOOTBALL.

Send 1d. postcard for the most liberal price list issued. ENGLISH, SOUTHERN and SCOTCH LEAGUES to pick from.

£10 1 s offer open to all clients.

November 26th and December 3rd. We were one of the very few firms who paid out, in full, to all clients on the aforementioned dates.

H. Hamilton & Co.

FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

From *Truth*, April 27, 1910:—

"...I have never had any reason to doubt his readiness and ability to meet his engagements."

From *John Bull*, May 14th, 1910:

"Mr. Bert Fry is a Member of Tattersall's and the principal London Clubs, and his bonafides are beyond suspicion."

BERT FRY

FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

FOOTBALL or RACING.

"The Scout," of *Daily Express*, says:—

"I put this amount on with Bert Fry, of Flushing, Holland, who is a member of Tattersall's and who pays if he loses. Fortunately, I have evidence that he does."

Winning Post, Jan 15th, 1910, says:—

"Our readers need have no hesitation in dealing with Bert Fry, of Flushing, Holland, who is absolutely straight, so that winners may rely on receiving their money."

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(Made quickly in American Stocks)

Gentlemen

The advertiser receives from an associate in New York absolutely correct and accurate advance information on American stocks. The Advertiser has in one year made over £2000 net profit on an initial capital of £300 and he now proposes to share this information (on mutual terms with gentlemen desirous of adding to their incomes. Clients could deal through their own Brokers, Advertiser simply wiring when to open and when to close a deal.

RESULTS OF 6 RECENT DEALS.

Bought	100 Unions	at	158½	closed at	161,	profit £150.
"	100 Amal. Co.	"	56⅝	"	65⅛	" 150.
"	200 Rock Is.	"	25	"	31½	" 285.
"	100 Steels	"	70½	"	71⅞	" 107 10.
"	100 Unions	"	170½	"	171½	" 100.
"	100 Unions	"	173	"	173½	" 67 10.
					Total nett profit	£959 0 0.

N.B.—The above profits were made in a period of about six months and required very small capital, as dealings were on the Cover margin system. Gentlemen desirous to make some quick profitable investments in American shares should write or call on

H. G. ORMOND, 8, Leinster Square, Bayswater, London.

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We have always a large number of High-Grade Positions open in Clerical Technical, Organising, and Travelling capacities—positions carrying salaries of from £150-£1,000—and we want to hear from really High-Grade Men who are capable of filling them. If you are a man possessed of Special Ability, write us to-day—or call.

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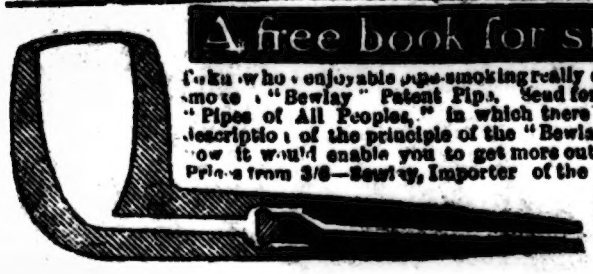

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Tells you how enjoyable pipe-smoking really can be you should smoke a "Bewlay" Patent Pipe. Send for our free booklet, "Pipes of All Peoples," in which there is an interesting description of the principle of the "Bewlay" Patent. Read how it would enable you to get more out of your tobacco. Prices from 3/6—Bewlay, Importer of the Flor de Dindigul Cigar, 49, Strand, London, W.C. (*Est. 130 Years.*)

FOOTBALL

WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND,

are still

"The World's Premier Football Accountants."

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On Nov. 26 (Cracker Saturday), we sent out over 3,200 cheques Anyone wishing to do business with us should send a Postcard, ld., for rules, prices, etc.

We are the originators of "PICK-WHERE-YOU-LIKE" £10 free offer to every client weekly. Our individual £50 prize is the talk of the Football World.

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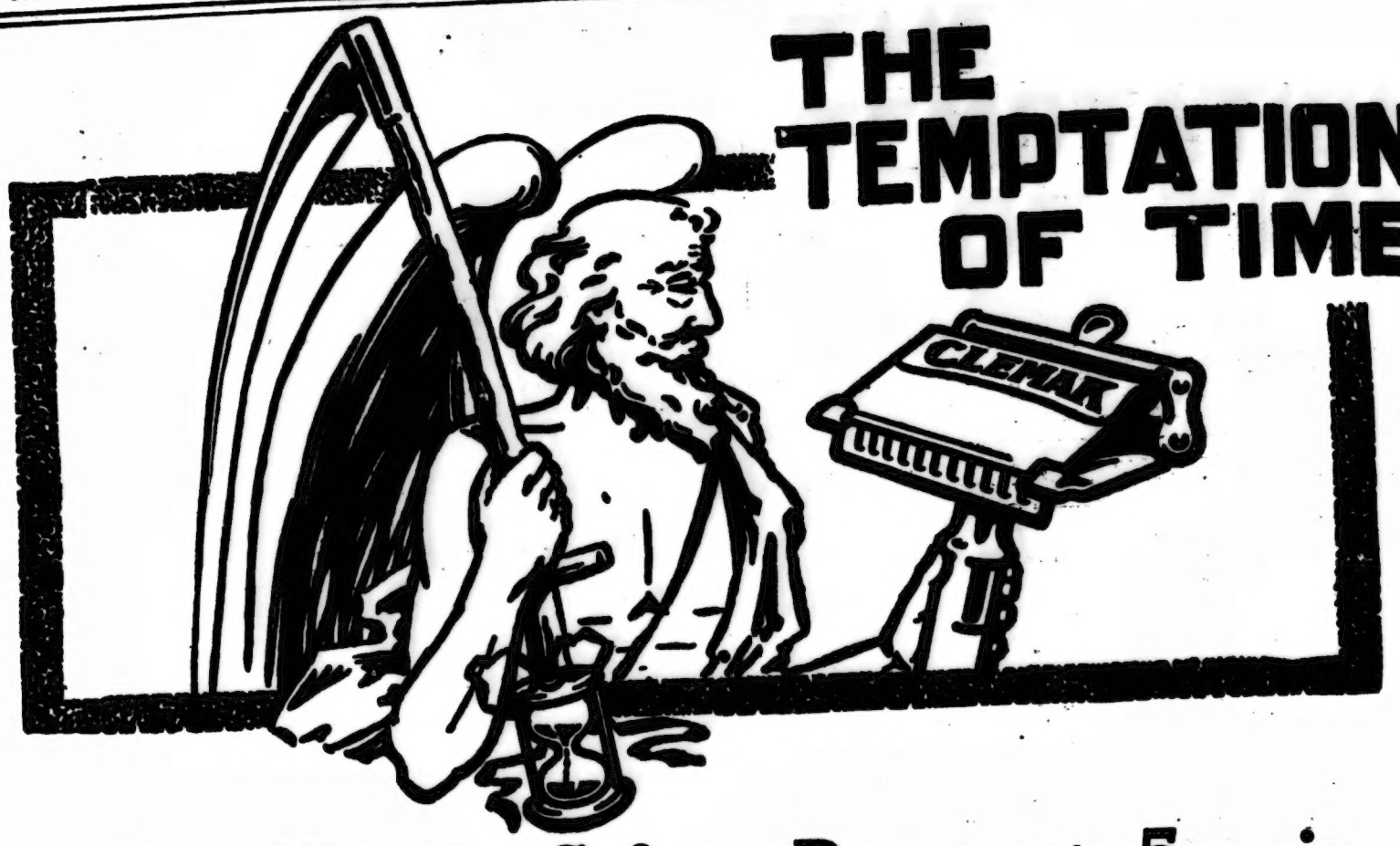

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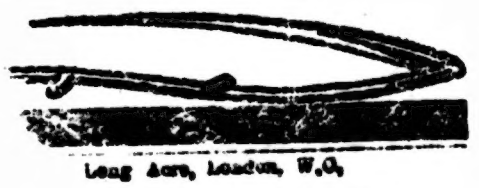

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